The

COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature the Arts and Public Affairs

FOUNDED BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

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Week by Week

THE SEPTEMBER *Survey-Graphic* contains an account by Rufus D. Smith, the provost of New York University, of the present effects of our declining birth rate upon American education. We have had occasion to comment upon the fact that the next half-century will see the population of the United States reach a peak and initiate a decline, and that this phenomenon seems to be common to all nations of western European stock. But something which is going to happen in fifty years, however epochal its nature, cannot help seeming remote to all of us in the hurly-burly of daily living. Mr. Smith points out that the future of the national population is already the present of the school population. From 1930 to 1936 the total of public elementary school enrolments for the whole country dropped about 5 percent; in New York City the drop in elementary and Junior High School enrolment between 1932 and 1937 was about 7 percent. "There will be about 20 percent fewer children under ten in 1940 . . . than there were . . . in 1930." Catholic schools report a decrease in their population also. Thus between 1929 and 1935 the elementary schools in the New York Archdiocese lost 4 percent in enrolment. Catholic child welfare agencies likewise report a drop on the number of their juvenile cases, although of course other elements undoubtedly play their part here. The immediate problems involved in these changes are great. What is to become of teachers who will be—and indeed are—no longer needed? What is to be our attitude toward increases in the physical plant of our educational system? How are we to take care of the ever-increasing number of dependent old people—and that especially in view of the unrealistic attitude of business toward the continued employment of men and women past forty? Here are some of the principal problems of the future. Their solution will involve a profound change in the American point of view, impicitly based on an assumption of expansion.

Decimation in the Schools

THE CELEBRATION of the tenth anniversary of the Kellogg-Briand pact, however ironical, was not passed over unnoticed by the State Department. Secretary Hull issued a terse reminder to the peoples of the world that they had, ten short years ago, made solemn pledges renouncing war as an instrument of national policy. The Associated Press prepared a brief statistical summary of the lives lost and the price paid for war during the ten years since the pact has been in effect. A minimum of 2,500,000 persons have been killed at a per capita cost of approximately $4,000. Annual world armament expenses today at this rate provide for an annual slaughter of another 2,500,000. The only hopeful element was the radio statement by representatives of Paraguay and Bolivia that the war between them had not helped settle the issues between them, issues which found eventual settlement only through pacific means. Meanwhile the temper of the European forgotten man is indicated by the fact that the bishops of the ecclesiastical province of Malines thought it necessary to include in their official acts and decrees a condemnation of "conscientious objection" to peace-time military service. They are at pains to point out the duty of such objection in war time if the war is clearly unjust, and they add that if the injustice is not clear, then it is best to give obedience to properly constituted authority. At almost the same moment there was published in Belgium an eloquent and moving pamphlet by Antoine Allard outlining the human necessity for peace and a Christian line of action which might achieve it.

Achieving Peace

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THE EVOLUTION of labor relations seems faster on the West Coast than anywhere else in the country. Since the labor victory there in the 1934 general strike, affairs seems to have come almost a complete circle. "A breach against one was a breach against all . . ."—"Technique of playing one off against another . . ."—"However, we'll call off the war and sit down with them to negotiate new contracts any time they give us assurances of a uniform contract and expiration date to preserve our rights of collective bargaining"—these familiar slogans, up to now associated with struggling unions, have been uttered by the leaders of the Association of San Francisco Distributors, the warehouse owners and employers, during their fight the last few weeks for a "united front" of San Francisco bosses. Now the Committee of Forty-three, formed last year by employers to deal with labor in a new way, is trying to form a city federation of employers, parallel to the trade union council, with each industry solidified into a strong association which will deal as a unit with the organizations of labor. The unions claim the owners are uniting in a "cold-blooded attempt to exterminate the unions and to abolish all those gains made by our members through legitimate collective bargaining and to return to the open-shop conditions of 1934."

Collective Bargaining

BUT IT would seem here that the question of motive has to be subordinated. The employers admit they want to outlaw the conception of a "hot cargo" which has been used to close down nearly all their warehouses, and want an open shop and other concessions from labor. They claim to have accepted the Wagner Act and the right of collective bargaining for those who want it. The federation of employers seems a natural development of industrialism. The fact that it sharpens class lines and organizes economic power to an even greater and more impersonal degree does not break down its logic. And it could, of course, lead to a more sensible, and organic and flexible institutional set-up if people more consciously wished such a thing.

OF ALL the logical contentions advanced in Secretary Hull's firm note to the Mexican government on the expropriation of $10,000,000 worth of farm lands owned by United States nationals, the key argument seems to be that government expropriation is recognized in international law and practise only when compensation is "adequate, prompt and effective." The alien property custodian department set up here during the last war, with the measure of reparation we made to our former enemies thereafter, is sufficient indication of the general acceptance of that principle. Aside from the disputed question of the validity of many titles to ownership, the strongest contention of our neighbor to the south is that payment of these claims would constitute "unequal treatment for foreigners," since Mexicans too are being deprived of their lands without compensation. Yet justice would seem to require some compensation for those deprived of what is theirs and this right exists whether the Mexican citizen asserts it or not. In fact the logic of the Hull note seems so persuasive that dissenters in Mexico and Washington largely ignored the possible arguments and had resort to varying degrees of vilification. The National Council for the Prevention of War revived the old question of the war debts of France and England, a claim not yet waived by the United States despite the enactment of prohibitive tariffs which doomed whatever possibility there was of their liquidation. How to collect these moneys from an increasingly insolvent Mexico is another question.

Expropriated or Confiscated?

THE PROSECUTION of Tammany power, James J. Hines, by District Attorney Thomas E. Dewey of New York County has become a national *cause célèbre*. The trial furnishes a superabundance of stirring, dramatic elements. There is the defendant "Jimmy" Hines, blacksmith turned politician, who is accused of conspiring to evade the anti-lottery laws by calling off and demoting raiding policemen, and by influencing the district attorney's office and various magistrates. There is the ghost of "Dutch Schultz" Flegenheimer, prohibition era beer baron and subsequently king of the "policy" lottery racket, who was shot dead with "Lulu" Rosenkrantz, his bodyguard, and "Abadaba" Berman, his stuttering mathematical genius who used to "fix" the winning numbers on the pari-mutuel betting machines. There is George Weinberg, one of Schultz's lieutenants, who turned state's evidence and tells a revealing, if not entirely consistent, story of gang operations. There is "Dixie" Davis, the gang's lawyer, who likewise turned state's evidence. There is "Spasm" Ison, Negro policy banker, and a picturesque collection of subsidiary figures. There is the stern-faced and erudite Supreme Court Judge Ferdinand Pecora, himself no mean prosecutor in his day, who now alertly controls and directs the trial. And there is the crusading district attorney, Thomas E. Dewey, practically assured of the Republican nomination for governor, who after breaking up various prostitution and union rackets now finds himself prosecuting a political boss of the country's biggest city. Every good citizen is interested in the punishment of crime but not a

Mr. Dewey in Action Once More

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The New Sherlock—with Apologies to T. D.

few doubts have risen in connection with Mr. Dewey's tactics. Admittedly deals, with many unsavory features, have been made with his principal witnesses who were themselves parties to the alleged conspiracy. There seems to be an effort to "get" one man rather than put an end to an illegal enterprise, for some of Mr. Dewey's witnesses several days after testifying were arrested for continuing the policy business as of old. Politicians allied to the works of known criminals deserve little sympathy, but one cannot help feeling at times that the whole trial represents a spectacular private political boom rather than the sober pursuit of justice and the common good.

Two Kinds of Foreign Trade

A LONG editorial in the London *Tablet* dealing with the Report of the Commission of Inquiry into Banking, Currency and Credit set up by the government of Eire makes a number of provocative points. The observation is made that "Eire is in a peculiar position among the nations of the world. Her exports are predominantly exports of foodstuffs. On the other hand, unlike the other great food-exporting countries, she is in capital holdings a creditor nation." It would seem—certainly if cotton were thrown in—that the United States would qualify for this class. The majority of the commission makes the point that Ireland, or Eire, "lives by enjoying a substantial surplus of imports over exports, drawn from the dividends of her foreign investments." The majority wants her to encourage the association with England and the international trade which permit this condition. It assumes that "the general payment of international debts and dividends will continue throughout the twentieth century. But will it?" There the *Tablet* finds a central question. Mr. de Valera wants to bring Irish capital home again. He had advocated a policy of increasing self-sufficiency, while not seeking absolute self-sufficiency. The country might "import as much as it is able to pay for by its immediate exports." Surely, these are considerations for Americans to ponder. Foreign trade built on international payments of capital, interest and dividends could hardly seem less secure than at present. With our bumper crops of foodstuffs and cotton on hand,

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there could hardly be a time when we felt a greater need for exchange of commodities currently produced. Financial self-sufficiency and economic self-sufficiency are not the same thing. Financial self-sufficiency seems almost certainly a good, and finally necessary, thing for a country, while the idea of economic self-sufficiency appears foolish, however much excessive nationalism may drive us toward it.

THERE are a great many unanswered questions centering about the prison deaths in northeast Philadelphia. Quite aside from the facts of this particular hunger strike, why is it necessary to coerce prison refractories in a special way? Why is not segregation of these types, with the ultimate possibility of solitary confinement or forcible feeding, sufficient to solve any problem of discipline created by even the most unruly? Or again, how does it happen that punishment resulting fatally to four men can be supplied in such a place without the supervisor's knowledge? But dwarfing all these questions is the basic one, which the whole civilized community is morally charged with answering: Granting (though we do not) that drastic special measures must be envisaged for trouble-makers, how is it possible that penal officers can specify, that architects can design, that municipal authorities can accept, a prison in which a block of steam cells is deliberately provided with the prospect of being used?

The Holmesburg Horror

THE ACTUALITY of the deed at Holmesburg was so frightful, that there is danger that its real lesson may be evaded. There is danger that decent people, reading of it, in resentment at the outrage to their sensibilities, will simply demand condign punishment for the perpetrators, and think that thereby they do their whole duty. Their whole duty—that is, theirs and ours and that of all men of good-will—is somewhat harder to perform. We all, in various degrees, have a sin of connivance to expiate in such crimes (and they are many), a painful truth to master. The problem of human correction—the worst of all problems—can be approached only on high grounds, never on law. If irresponsible control is given those whom we depute to bother about the criminal in our stead, it will inevitably be taken; if instruments of torture are provided, they will be used. No one can be given complete power over another, whether by law or by the slothful acquiescence of the community; for no one is free from the danger of abusing it. Only those who have been made cautious, by every possible safeguard of law, and taught that they are untrustworthy, by every truth of religion, are fit to be trusted.

Justice for the Poor Man

THE LAST ten years have seen the establishment in many American cities of special "small claims" courts intended to make available to those of restricted means that recourse to the law which is essential if justice is to be available to all. One of the oldest of these poor men's courts is that of the city of Baltimore, established in 1912. Recently a special commission has reported to Governor Nice concerning the present state of this court and has recommended its complete reorganization. An analysis of this report appears in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*. The principal faults found with the present arrangements possess a certain interest. First, the commission criticizes the political set-up of the court; it is staffed on a purely patronage basis. Second, the fees charged are out of all proportion to the total amounts involved in most cases. Third, the judges have no power to determine their procedure or to attempt to conciliate cases which could be adjusted without trial. All three objections indicate negatively what a poor man's court should be. Certainly its personnel should be efficient, helpful and completely divorced from politics. The costs connected with litigation should approach as nearly as possible the point where they cease to exist. And the judges should have wide discretionary powers in order that they may protect the interests of a particularly helpless part of the population.

The Class That Smiles

By LOUISA BYLES

AN UNHERALDED revolution is renewed each spring and summer in the Italian hill town of Perugia. Each year the Duce brings Romano Guarnieri from the University of Amsterdam to the international flock of students gathered in the old Etruscan city. From as far east as China and as far west as San Francisco come the members of the amazing class that smiles its way through the drudgeries of beginners' Italian.

"You might just as well close up shop if the class is not interesting to both the professor and the students." Such is the principle which Romano Guarnieri expounds in his methods course and practises in his Italian grammar course. As a matter of fact the professor never has had to close shop because the need has never arisen. This man does not laugh out loud in class, but one glance at his eyes shows that he is enjoying himself thoroughly. And as for the class—well, Mr. Ripley might be surprised to hear there is in this world a man who can actually get his class to sigh with delight over the subjunctive mood.

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It is no wonder the Italian government brings Guarnieri back from Holland to the summer university for the benefit of these students of all nations. The results he obtains from them are unbelievable. Before the class has finished its first hour of grammar any and all of these beginning pupils are expected to be able to speak Italian for five consecutive minutes. Such a feat sounds impossible, but everything this man does sounds impossible. He is a kind of miracle worker. In a short course (108 hours in all) he covers the whole of Italian grammar including many of the finer points; he gives his students a fairly rich vocabulary, and a good accent; and he reads together with them a three-act play.

At first it seems that the method is entirely dependent upon the professor's personality. But that cannot be so, because others have used the Guarnieri method with success. However, his character and person are undoubtedly a help. Those long, dangling arms and legs are one of the reasons why the class smiles. And the foolish antics he goes through teach the class that the prime principle involved in learning a language is the necessity of making a fool of oneself.

Parlor etiquette is abolished in the Guarnieri classroom. Students are taught to scream, to gesticulate, to repeat, and to do daily dozens. However, there is method in this madness. In a language course fear is overcome by screaming. Exaggerated gestures are prescribed for the sake of limbering and animating the class. "Repeat," says Guarnieri, "repeat, repeat, and repeat a thing until the class starts to smile; for that is a sign that the students have mastered the lesson." No one smiles while struggling with a thing, but after the strain is over then the humor of the continuous repetition begins to dawn on everyone.

The setting-up exercises form a sort of lively drill work to which has been added a spark of humor. It is here that the long Guarnieri arms come into play. A favorite theme for this type of gymnastics is the personal pronoun drill. "Glièlo do" (I give it to you) is accompanied by a forward movement of the right arm, a gesture which signifies the action of giving. But "melo dà" (you give it to me) is signalized by a backward movement of the left arm, to express acceptance. When this exercise is repeated over and over again, it begins to take on the appearance of a man doing the Australian crawl to the tune of a little song of which the words are:

Glièlo do.
Melo dà.

The result, of course, is that before long the whole class is smiling and laughing at those long arms that swim down the classroom. The dullest is interested. The professor is interested. And the students have learned the most important personal pronoun forms. There is no need to close up shop.

Guarnieri's classes are always lively and vivid from beginnng to end. He enters the classroom with three long-legged strides, throws his right arm up and backward and assumes a position which closely resembles the first stage of a back-bend. This ritual is nothing more nor less than the Guarnieri method of doing the Fascist salute. The vigor and good humor of that dramatic entrance is transfused into the students. All are smiling inwardly and this kind of smile seems to clear the brain and destroy the lethargy into which most students fall the minute they enter a schoolroom.

Then the class starts. Guarnieri picks up a book. "Libro, libro, libro," he says. "Di che colore è il libro. Il libro è rosso. Colore—rosso. Colore—rosso. Libro—rosso. Il libro è rosso." And so forth. The class has learned the use of an article, a noun, a verb and an adjective. From the very first lesson the class is taught to use the verbs, for one of the primary principles of the Guarnieri method is that the verb is the center and heart of the study of grammar and, therefore, is to be studied in the first lesson and in all succeeding ones.

Then as the lesson continues the professor builds more sentences around the book. Where is the book? How many books are there? What do I use the book for? In other words, as Guarnieri tells his methods class, five items are considered: the name of the object under discussion, its color, its quantity, its location, its use. Then other sentences which involve the use of feminine and plural nouns are studied. And finally, at the end of the class the students are told to converse about this fascinating red book which they have been discussing for almost an hour.

It is then that the fight begins. The timid souls will speak only in their native tongues and will say only that they cannot speak Italian. But with perhaps a few hard words, some encouragement, a great deal of the Guarnieri vigor and enthusiasm and a little help in the form of questions, the fear is conquered sufficiently to enable the student to utter a few halting phrases. It is at this point that the screaming principle is brought into play. As a matter of fact it rarely happens that the student actually does yell, but to aim at a scream is to conquer silence.

Guarnieri's method is a fascinating one which works in several ways at once. It teaches Italian grammar, and the use of the language, but besides this it gives the student confidence in himself, it allows no one a chance to speak with a bad Italian accent, and it works as a setting-up exercise which makes fresh blood run through the veins of those poor students whose spirits have been allowed to stagnate in lecture courses and in dull classes.

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Are We Fair to the Church?

By BISHOP ROBERT E. LUCEY

BECAUSE she must speak the truth without compromise the Church will always encounter opposition. As society plunges more deeply into political, social and economic immorality the Church becomes more widely a stumbling block for sinful men. In our day the number of those who scoff at the Church is greater than formerly because of the larger number who scoff at God's commandments. The Church cannot be popular always and everywhere so long as she condemns unjust aggression by arms, opposes divorce and artificial birth control, demands social justice for the masses and preaches mortification to a lustful world. And if this program brings upon the Church the derision of the multitude we can only pray for them.

That the truth should make the Church unpopular in certain quarters has been promised and is expected; but that we as individuals should make her unpopular is quite another thing. Human society is afflicted today with many vexing problems. An old era containing much that was good and plenty that was bad is passing. The new era appears only in rough outline; its final form is not predictable. This much is certain: labor has become articulate and economic slavery will no longer be endured in silence. Governments everywhere are discarding their do-nothing attitude toward social injustice and are trying to promote the general welfare. Particularly in our country the judicial theory that civil liberty means the right to starve has been appropriately buried. The violent attack on the social order by atheistic Communists makes it clear that the new order will be one of social justice or there will be no order at all.

Obviously social justice cannot triumph without a fight. Some owners of great wealth, while at times blind, are able to see that a better distribution of material goods means that the impoverished masses will have more and they will have less. They don't relish that. Then too, old beliefs and prejudices are hard to change, particularly when money is at stake. Finally the science of economics is involved; industrial and agricultural relations are difficult to understand, and the major labor movement now going forward is not only new but also frequently misrepresented.

In this welter of conflict, prejudice and ignorance shot through with bitterness and passion, it behooves the Catholic writer and lecturer to know his subject or remain silent. Great harm can come to the Church if individuals, who seem to represent the Church but do not, should make a false step. If a writer in a diocesan weekly or a religious monthly publication offers some comment on a current social question, he is frequently understood as speaking for the Church. If his article happens to be ultra-conservative the Church is called reactionary. Although we are one in faith and morals we are not united for social justice. Some of us, in a mild way, are given to social heresy.

In recent years several extremely controversial problems have arisen before the American public in connection with national legislation and a new labor movement. I cannot escape the conviction that certain writers and an occasional speaker have done a disservice to the Church in these two fields of legislation and labor. Less frequently I think, such disservice is done in the field of international relations.

A few examples may clarify my meaning. Let us begin with the field of legislation. It seems almost ghoulish to disinter the bones of the child labor amendment now that it rests in peace, but the thing has been the occasion of so much harm to us that even in death it may teach us a helpful lesson.

The writer recently visited a grammar school in our diocese maintained for Spanish-speaking children. There were 125 students enrolled. On the day of my visit 5 children were present—120 were miles away picking cotton. And then I read in a religious weekly: "Child labor is no longer a problem in this country."

It seems fair to say that millions of working people, Catholic and non-Catholic, desired the adoption of the child labor amendment. So far as their social welfare was concerned they had a right to desire it. The workers knew what industry, and even agriculture, were doing to children. They know that boys and girls of seventeen years were engaged in occupations dangerous to health and morals; that fingers and hands were being cut off by power-driven machinery because the workers were immature. The laboring classes knew too that child labor lowers wage scales and increases unemployment. They hoped that the amendment would end it all.

Obviously to fight the amendment was to fight the aspirations of many working people. Such opposition was calculated to alienate the religious loyalties of Catholic workers and embitter those outside the fold. Only grave necessity could warrant such a conflict.

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We shall not here discuss whether or not the grave necessity existed. Catholic education in America has developed several outstanding economists among clergy and laity. They sincerely supported the amendment. Most of our group were just as sincerely against it. The point we make is that if the grave necessity was present it was an unfortunate necessity. The Bride of Christ was not made more attractive to the working classes by that battle. And the fact that our comrades and supporters in the fight against the amendment were gathered from the ranks of certain business interests was a distressing coincidence. Labor thought we were in bad company.

The proposed reform of the Supreme Court found us again protesting. That the American labor movement had suffered bitterly from the ultra-conservatism of the Court cannot be denied. For many years an exaggerated concept of liberty rendered unconstitutional that type of labor legislation by the Congress or the states which was so very necessary for the working people. During that period friends of the wage earners proposed an amendment to the Constitution as an escape from the restrictive interpretations of the Court. The present administration believed that the amending process would be too slow; that relief for the workers must be instant; that the Constitution, if liberally interpreted, would protect all the people in their right to work and live. The shorter way and, some thought, the only way, was to reform the Court.

The purpose of the Court bill was to make possible good social legislation. We protested and fought it. Let us suppose that our opposition was justified and necessary. It was a heavy burden of necessity that we carried. How fine a thing for our ancient Church if we could have gone to the laboring masses to tell them that we were heart and soul for this legislation as a means of bringing them some relief from their intolerable condition.

Those who fought the Court reform most bitterly were those who stood to lose the most by its enactment—certain privileged interests who have waxed wealthy during a régime of economic domination on the one hand and economic slavery on the other. To these were added a host of honest citizens who opposed the legislation for reasons apart from economics.

With this group of dissenters, some sincere and many of them selfish, we took our stand. The bill did not pass but the President was triumphant in defeat. The Court has swung strangely toward the left. Let us hope and pray that some legislation affected with a national interest will soon be proposed wherein this burden of necessity will carry us forthrightly into the arms of labor.

That the spiritual interests of the laboring masses must be paramount in our consideration is obvious from the teaching of the Vicar of Christ. In his encyclical "On Atheistic Communism" the Holy Father speaks of "the vital need of protecting the very foundation of the Faith and of Christian civilization." He then declares: "Let our parish priests, therefore, while providing of course for the normal needs of the faithful, dedicate the better part of their endeavors and their zeal to winning back the laboring masses to Christ and to His Church." There are three propositions here: The laboring masses have abandoned the Church; they must be brought back by the clergy; this will require the major portion of their time.

Since the Holy Father does not exempt any country from this advice we must all accept it, even though in varying degree. No one will deny that we have our share of fallen-away Catholics in this country. What we wish to stress is that the laboring masses will not be won back to Christ and His Church by opposition however sincere.

The second field in which we have an opportunity to alienate the religious loyalties of the people is the labor movement. Too many of us confuse Communism with labor unions organized by industries. Too many of our orators and writers are discussing the modern labor movement without studying it. Since so many of our editors and contributors have never attended a school of journalism we can easily understand why our standards of journalism are not always of the best.

And by the same token, since comparatively few of our speakers and writers have ever attended a school of social science or taken a course in economics, we can understand why their opinions of the labor movement and labor leaders are not always reliable. They get their ideas from the daily press, various magazines and, perhaps, in part from our own national and diocesan weeklies, religious monthlies and other publications. Having no solid background of economic science to guide them, not knowing the history of the American labor movement, its nature, necessity and purpose, they may easily accept as true the most ridiculous charges hurled by captains of industry, or their attorneys, against labor and its leaders.

We cannot expect good economics from men who are not economists. We can only ask that they either study or remain silent. But we have the right to demand both justice and charity from men who are known to be Catholics. Our treatment of labor questions sometimes reveals a lack of knowledge, sympathy and charity; our treatment of labor leaders is occasionally flagrantly unjust.

By this time we ought to be aware that certain interests in this country are trying to stop the

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progress of labor by smearing its leaders. Inspired by greed of gain and lust of power they will not tolerate the rise of strong labor unions. It spells the end of their domination. By fair means or foul they intend to stop a particular labor movement which is strong and determined. Here and there some of us have enlisted in the war against these industrial unions because we think they are communistic. It is proper that we should be as simple as doves but nowhere is it written that we should be gullible.

Mr. John Lewis and his associates have given the unskilled and semi-skilled wage earners a chance to organize by industries. More than 3,000,000 working men and women are enrolled under the banner of the C. I. O. Hundreds of thousands of them are Catholics; all of them are breadwinners and they don't relish some of the things that some of us say about their leaders. In our just determination to stop communism we must not offend the honest working people who are trying to organize for justice and the common good. Above all, we must not be guilty of libel. Some of the statements that we have made would constitute a mortal sin of injustice—but we know not what we do.

We are prepared to admit that there have been grave abuses in the ranks of organized labor. Some of the leaders have been racketeers. There has been an infiltration of communists into the ranks and among the officers. What human organization does not suffer from the sins of its members? A communist has a right to work and live but no union should retain him as a member if he persists in flagrantly disturbing the peace. The employer should be free to dismiss any employee who foments unjust strikes or whose conduct is subversive of right order.

Our judgment of industrial and agricultural disorders is usually based on press dispatches. Not being on the scene, not knowing conditions in the plant, not being informed of the complex social forces at work in the background, we are prone to interpret the conflict in terms of press releases which may be inaccurate, inadequate or downright false. Before passing judgment on a labor dispute we should be sure to get the facts or say little about it. Seated at our editorial desk two thousand miles from the scene of conflict, not being fiancially able to send a reporter to the spot, and if we send one, not being sure that his knowledge of economics qualifies him to interpret this social phenomenon, we nevertheless engage to write a story about the strike.

This is not to say that the labor movement and labor disputes are deep dark secrets, profound and mysterious, understood only by an inner circle of expert economists. We do say though that circumstances alter cases; we ought to know the circumstances and how to interpret them.

Let me cite an example to clarify my meaning. Last year a C. I. O. affiliate signed contracts with a certain giant corporation manufacturing automobiles. For many months some of our editors regaled us with the story of 200 alleged infractions of contract by the union men. The song of the 200 was sung so insistently that we sometimes wondered if the treasons and betrayals by the auto workers could possibly number only 199. To judge by press reports it seemed that the auto workers' union was composed of wild-eyed radicals and communists with a generous sprinkling of anarchists. That there was plenty of trouble in the union is not denied. As this is written the officials of the union are still quarreling among themselves. That the unauthorized strikes were caused largely by communists is denied. An executive of the C.I.O. went to the scene of the strike and spent a month there trying to restore order. He found that many of the workers were young fellows from what is called the Bible Belt of the South. Their ways were primitive. They had never before belonged to a union; they knew nothing of arbitration and conciliation. They couldn't recognize a grievance committee when they saw one. They were individualists, unaccustomed to team work, but ready for a fight when they sensed injustice or opposition.

On the other hand management was not accustomed to dealing with organized labor. Many a personnel director in this country has had the experience of handing out orders to company unions but never enjoyed the thrill of sitting down at a conference table with organized labor. In this instance management needed training and discipline as well as the workers. Some of their attitudes and regulations irritated the men. Strife ensued. There were communists in the background but they were not a major cause of the strikes.

(To be concluded in next week's issue.)

Arbiter Elegantiae

Hail the semicolon, aristocrat of pauses,
Buffer state to stand between independent clauses:
"Bill is fond of victory; Joe backs doubtful causes."

Hail the semicolon, with a phrase-explainer
Like a herald's trumpet-toot before a pompous reigner:
"Crabbing does not pay; *that is,* silence oft is saner."

Hail the semicolon, with figures and with titles
Used in lists—to clarify, to insulate their vitals:
"Psalms 6:7; Job 5:3—such were his recitals."

Statesmen of the future, Richelieu or Solon,
Here's a mark of master-style, a height to set your goal on:
Learn to write with nicety; woo the semicolon!

HAROLD WILLARD GLEASON.

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Father Pierron's Favorable Opportunity

By VINCENT ENGELS

IN THE autumn of 1673, Father Jean Pierron went up to Quebec to report on the progress of his mission among the Mohawks. He had had a rough time with them, although things had gone a little better since he had invented a card game which explained, more effectively than sermons, the necessity for salvation, and how to attain it.

Father Pierron was now forty-two. He had spent most of his life in the schools and libraries of France, and the last six years of it in the wilderness, always among the Mohawks, at the eastern end of the Iroquois confederacy. He was a man of considerable learning; he was also an ingenious and quick-witted man, and all the chroniclers who have occasion to mention him, speak of his great piety. For all this he was not so formidable a spirit as Brébeuf, Jogues or René Ménard; he was more sensitive to ridicule than they were, and perhaps a little easier to discourage; he was often lonely. He did his best to think charitably of the Mohawks, but it was no use; they filled him with revulsion, and once or twice, if we read the accounts correctly, they scared him stiff. Nevertheless he stood up to them on every occasion, and made them respect him in the end.

Now he was sent to Acadia for the winter; to take care of the "neglected" French of that country. Having arrived there, "he took a favorable opportunity, and went through the whole of New England, Maryland and Virginia," as Father Claude Dablon writes in the following year. Father Dablon does not say why the Acadians should have been again deserted, nor why a French missionary should have been traveling through the English colonies, but since he always speaks with approval of the character of Father Pierron, it seems obvious that the latter must have had instructions of some kind before he left Quebec.

He found "nought but desolation and abomination among the heretics who will not even baptize the children." He met many people, and "had some conferences with the ministers of Boston, the capital of New England, where he was greatly esteemed, and where he is still spoken of with honor." He was disguised, but "it was nevertheless suspected that he was a Jesuit, owing to the unusual knowledge that he displayed. He was cited before the Parliament, but he never did appear before it." This means exactly what you think. Somebody warned him in time, and he left the country. Massachusetts had passed an act expelling the Jesuits in 1647, and it was still very much in force.

Father Pierron went to Maryand; still in disguise, for the Society had not been welcome there in twenty years. He met two English Jesuits, however, "disguised as gentlemen," and living on a farm which a Brother worked for them. One of them must have been Father Henry Warren, whose alias in these troubled times was Pelham. Unfortunately, Father Dablon writes down nothing more about them; he was more interested in the Indians of the region, and in the fact that Father Pierron had been able to speak to them in their own tongue. These were the Susquehannas, an outlawed branch of the Iroquois, whose language Father Pierron had once compared for dignity to Greek. He saw them at their best; a fairly industrious, rather superior nation, living at peace with the whites. A year or two later it was to be a different matter; hard pressed by the Senecas from the north, embittered also by the inhumanity of a Major Truman, they began to raid the settlements like genuine Iroquois. But at the moment they were hospitable, and Father Pierron saw a chance for someone to preach before a responsive audience, and to make conversions by the wholesale. What they needed was a missionary to live among them. The two English priests were busy enough with the white settlers, of whom possibly a thousand were Catholic, outnumbered two to one by the Episcopalians, and eight or nine to one by the Puritans. There were also a few Quakers, exiles from Massachusetts and Virginia (this was before the days of William Penn), who were often getting into trouble by refusing to serve on juries or to enrol in the militia, and there were a few Swedes and Germans, notably Augustine Herman who had first come to Maryland as an envoy of Peter Stuyvesant, to settle a quarrel over boundaries, and had come a second time because he had seen it was a good place to live.

It was a land of heretics, although there still existed a Toleration Act which pronounced a fine of ten shillings sterling against any man who might call his neighbor by such a name, or by any other name "in a reproachfull manner relating to matter of Religion." In addition to the excellent act and the friendly Indians, there were other advantages. There was no sign as yet of the "figs and pomegranates, and all the fruits of Italy," that Father Andrew White had predicted, but there was an abundance of less exotic corn, and wheat and barley. Nobody starved in

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this country where the black loam lay "in depth a foot" over the reddish subsoil; where a farmer's tobacco purchased anything he had not grown himself; either from abroad or at the country stores which could provide him with "dishes, knives, flesh-forks, porringers, sauce-pans, frying-pans, gridirons," also raisins, brandy, wine and aqua vitae; where the smokehouses were full of hams and bacon; the woods full of game and the rivers so full of fish that Captain John Smith not so many years before had speared them with his sword.

Even the Indians were fat on pone and hominy, which may have had something to do with their civility.

Best of all was the climate. Up among the Iroquois, Fathers Garnier, Fremin and Raffeix were wading through six feet of snow with swollen legs, and cracked and frost-bitten feet, sleeping in huts of bark so cold and filled with smoke that often a hole in the snow outside seemed preferable, and living on a very little corn, a very occasional fish, mostly on browse, that is, the moss and bark and the buds of trees.

Here in southern Maryland it was a cold day indeed when shell ice formed over the puddles and along the edges of the streams. Two weeks out of three the skies were bright and clear; the air was mild. Snow fell rarely, and was gone by noon of the next day. January was like the Indian summer of early October in the north, and there were no northern months to compare to February and early March, which here made up a separate season, an introduction to spring.

There were many waterways in the narrow land between the Patuxent and the Potomac, Father White's "sweetest, greatest river," compared to which the Thames was but the size of his thumb, and their color even in winter most frequently was blue, not a dirty river blue, but sky blue, the real thing, and you saw it shining through the open forests, now to the left of the road, now on the right, and ahead and behind, so that a man might think he traveled on an island.

In the spring Father Pierron returned to Quebec and made his report. He told Father Dablon about the two English Jesuits "dressed like gentlemen, and the Brother like a farmer," and about the uninstructed savages of the country, whose language he could speak.

"As these two Fathers alone do not suffice, Father Pierron cheerfully offers to go and assist them."

If Father Dablon was astonished, he gives little evidence of it in his letter. He said, rather gently, "There are many obstacles to this project," and enumerated them. "First, since the country is in charge of the English, the request for your transfer ought properly to come from them. Second, supposing they do request it, and it should be arranged, you will have to leave the French Assistancy for the English, and you would not like that. Finally, in one way or another this is likely to cost us a considerable sum of money, and we have none to spare."

Also Father Pierron was needed in Canada. His old post among the Mohawks had been filled, but he was needed among the Senecas. What he felt, and what he might have said upon hearing that order, we do not know. But we can guess, because a few days later he came back to see Father Dablon and asked permission to make two vows: first, to comply unquestioningly with the orders of his superiors and never to suggest anything contrary to them; second, never to return to France.

Father Dablon refused the first, but granted the second, with reservation, and thereupon Father Pierron returned to the Iroquois, "for whom he has a very great natural repugnance, which he very bravely overcomes."

Garnier and Raffeix were with the same tribe, but at different villages, and the missionaries seldom met. There was a lot of trouble among the Senecas that year. They were frequently on the warpath, and every little triumph increased their insolence and cruelty. Hunting was neglected, beyond what was necessary for their immediate needs; the corn that the women were growing in the fields would be gone soon after harvest. Food would be scarce again before the big snows came; there would be more fighting and more trouble. Father Pierron set doggedly about his duties and consoled himself with memories of Maryland.

In time Quebec was able to report that despite a very trying and difficult year among the Senecas, the work of the missions had gone on as usual.

Harvest Time

When noons—as summer nears her longest day—
Press with a heavy, honey-burdened heat,
When heat-waves' shimmering mirages sway
Above the softly sibilant ripe wheat,
When locusts saw their ceaseless, rusty tunes
Of the earth-mother and her precious yield,
When weeds have woven wilted, green galloons
Around the border of each golden field,

Then, on a morning when the fiery sun
Halts for his leap into the molten sky,
The harvest time is on—with waiting done.
The grain is ripe. Man knows not how or why,
But knows the cycle: seed to seed's complete—
And knows the beauty in a field of wheat.

MAUDE GREENE PRINCEHOUSE.

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Housing Needs a New Idea

By ELLIOTT TAYLOR

THE CURRENT cacophony on housing seems concerned with every aspect of the problem except one—the man who is going to live in the house after it is finished. The experts have already decided what sort of shelter he needs; but none have gone to the trouble of finding out what kind he wants. Research and surveys extending over a period of years prove what he *can* pay for his dwelling, but nobody has set himself the task of discovering what he *will* pay. The building boom-to-be is a cloud of wishful thinking and will remain so until the fresh air of a little realism is blown on the fevered aspirations of its perspiring prophets.

Every industry in the nation regards the customer as a sort of cross between the Good Fairy and Santa Claus. Every industry but building: it looks on him as a guinea pig. Hazy future plans look to stabling him eventually in nice warm quarters, with a roof that doesn't leak and a bathroom where he can scrub his pelt on Saturday nights. But this hope remains somewhat incidental to the hypothetical consideration involved.

The foremost of these is that the soundness of the mortgage credit structure must be maintained. In simple terms this means that with 12,000,000 unemployed in the country, and with an idle plant capacity of 75 percent of output in the building materials industry, the housing requirements must wait until the banking system recovers confidence in the future of America before these men and these plants can start turning out the homes that are needed.

Since 1934 every effort of the government has been bent toward assuring the lending institutions that they do not have to gamble. The credit that they create and loan will be secured not only by the home the man buys, but it will be insured by the Federal Housing Administration as well. When the next depression rolls around it may be "root, hog, or die" for the guinea pig, but his warren can always be repossessed. Thus we labor to restore confidence in an institution that has no confidence in itself.

Of the 12,000,000 unemployed, approximately 11 percent or 1,320,000 are affiliated with the building industry. If they went back to work at $1,500 a year they would earn $1,980,000,000 the first year. And if they stayed at work they would earn that much every year. In terms of shelter $2,000,000,000 added income would justify the investment of $4,000,000,000 per year in new homes. Deducting 20 per cent for land, there would remain $3,200,000,000 for construction—over 1,000,000 homes at $3,000 apiece. We almost touched the million mark in 1925 when 937,000 new homes were built at a cost of $4,754,000,000, and we have never been near it since.

Those who can pay over $50 a month for their shelter generally get what they want when they want it. But now they represent less than 10 percent of the existing market for homes. The crux of the problem is the millions of families paying rents of from $30 to $40 a month. That is about what a wage earner with an income of from $120 to $160 a month can pay for his shelter. The lower figure—$120 a month—is $1,440 a year and we have it on the authority of Senator Wagner, among many others, that an average city family that enjoys—that revels in—an income of less than this amount cannot house itself in minimum standards of comfort and decency.

With the creation of the new U. S. Housing Authority, the shelter problem of the income groups, ranging from zero to $1,500 a year, has been definitely accepted as a matter of social concern; slowly their plight is being recognized, and slightly more slowly remedial steps are being taken. But the program of the U. S. Housing Authority, under the limited financing allowed in the Wagner Act, will provide only about 40,000 new dwelling units a year for the next three years, and none after that. Against this we have an accumulated shortage of 2,000,000 dwellings plus a new annual demand for 300,000 more for those with incomes under $1,500.

The building revival will not come from the lowest wage earners and the non-wage earners, however. The only class that the building industry may regard as the fair-haired boys of any possible revival of residential construction under private auspices, is the class that can and will pay $30 to $40 a month for desirable and adequate homes when, and if, someone has the inspiration to offer such homes for sale or rent.

The significance of this group lies in the fact that it is just on the border line between self-sufficiency and subsidy on the housing charts. Anyone can supply adequate shelter for the man who is able to pay over $40 a month for that shelter, and nobody has yet demonstrated that he can supply that adequate shelter to the average urban family able to pay less than $30 a month.

This $30 to $40 man, then, represents in reality the thin edge of the wedge by which industry may hope to pry its way out of the high-priced home field—where it is now stalemated through over-

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building—into the field serving low and still lower incomes where the market expands with geometric rapidity.

But this man is not a guinea pig. He is not a case history for social workers to examine in sympathetic vivisection. The housers may decide what they want to sell him, but he will decide what he will buy. He may decide not to buy at all, because he prefers to rent. But he is a potential customer in every sense of the word. And if the industry wants his good-will, the time has come for the lion-tamers to lay down their whips and start spreading around a little simple wholesome bait.

The first gesture toward rapprochement with this neglected prospect should be to offer him the sort of house he requires at a price he can afford to pay. The slum dweller who is to be rehoused will take what he can get. Anything will be better than he has been used to. No so with the marginal prospect.

He is going to be asked (if he is to buy) to make a down payment that will probably represent the total of his life savings, and to obligate himself for fixed monthly payments over a period of from twenty to twenty-five years. If he is to rent, he is going to be asked to move from his present second- or third-hand quarters into new ones. Obviously the advantages of the new ones must be greater than those of the old, or he will not make the move. A house that is too small for a family is still too small even though it smells of fresh paint and new plaster.

The first requirement for an acceptable home is adequacy. Adequacy simply means that there must be enough room and proper equipment in the house and around it to acommodate those who are to occupy it.

I once heard an official of the FHA urge a group of real estate promoters and builders to build two-room houses. This on the grounds that a two-room house is all that the lower income family can afford. Two-room houses when the average size of family in the lower income groups is five members! This type of thinking can only result in building the slums of tomorrow.

No sane commentator thinks the two-room house adequate for the average family. But to say just what is adequate is not a simple matter. Studies of income groups are plentiful, but in no instance has any study of size of family been integrated with the study of family incomes. There are plenty of opinions on the number of rooms the little buyer must have, but nobody really knows. Until somebody does know, every agency that is attempting to develop a low-priced house to sell to this class is working in the dark.

Renting versus owning is another moot question. Would the average renter prefer to continue as a tenant, always availing himself of the best quarters his rent would buy, or would he prefer to buy a home of his own. The Real Property Inventory of 1934 showed 61 percent of our urban dwellers living in rented dwellings. Yet a sample survey made in 1937 by the Architectural Forum indicated that four-fifths of the families questioned would rather own than rent. What inducements will translate the preference for ownership into actual home buying? Nobody knows!

Mass production is coming to building. What form it will take cannot be predicted now. Factory built and assembled houses are an engaging possibility, but hardly a probability of the near future. Shop and factory prefabricated units, however, are inevitable. To the extent that many of the features that are common to all houses within a certain range of size can be standardized and produced on a factory basis, the cost of these items will be materially lowered. Since this economy depends on the willingness of the home buyer to accept a measure of standardization, his prejudices and preferences must be consulted before any mass production savings can be effected. What are his prejudices, his preferences and his desires? There are many opinions, but nobody knows!

Decentralization, breaking up city congestion by moving more of the population into the country, is occupying the attention of city planners as well as students of housing. The citizen now cooped up in crowded city quarters is to be given the chance to live in the country. A garden, fresh air, trees and flowers are to be his. But does he want flowers, trees and a garden, if he has to travel an hour or more to get to his work? Nobody has ever asked him!

So it comes about that the buyer who represents the greatest immediate hope of a housing revival is an unknown factor to the industry that is going to supply his wants. He is the customer that nobody knows. The housers don't know where he is; they don't know how big a family he must provide for; they don't know what he can pay for his house; they don't know what he will pay; they don't know what he must be offered to bring him into the market. They don't even know that he wants a house.

Can this information be uncovered? Other industries have been able to do it. In the automobile industry, to cite the foremost example, the greatest customer research ever undertaken is being carried on year after year by one company.

How do you like the hood; and how do you like the dash; and do the dealers treat you right? Which car looks best; and what kind did you buy; and what dictated your choice? They even ask you whether you think the car of the future will have the motor in front or in back. Inquiry, re-

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search and analysis—3,000,000 pieces of literature mailed out every year and millions of replies coming back. Tabulations, reports and findings that year after year influence the style and design of new models; that give the motoring public what they think they want. This is just one company—and in 1937 this single company sold about 40 percent of all the automobiles manufactured in the United States. Ask General Motors if it pays to give the customers what they want!

Building is hypersensitive when its activities are compared to those of the automotive industry. Yet when a technique has been developed that produces results, and that technique can be applied to home building promotion, there can be no valid excuse for not adopting it.

Let any ten, five or even two of the leading manufacturers of building materials pool their interests in a cooperative market analysis. Let them find out where the customers are, what they want, and what they will pay. Proven survey and sampling methods can accumulate in three months time enough information for a start. And a continuous employment of the survey will point the way to new developments and improvements that will be acceptable to the home buyer. It will not only serve to expedite the trend; it will help the industry to avoid false moves as new forms, materials and methods are experimented with.

The cost of such an endeavor would be only a small portion of the money that is now being spent in a vain attempt to "yoohoo" back a market that has practically disappeared from sight. It would be sales promotion of the most enlightened kind, recognizing a profound psychological principle, that answering questions is as educational as is asking them.

Sound education in home ownership is sadly needed by the great mass of Americans who hope someday to be able to build. But it will have to be education and not ballyhoo. Asking the buyer what he wants, as first evidence of an honest determination to give him what he wants, will reestablish a home-mindedness that jerry-building and real estate racketeering have almost destroyed. By the very act of expressing himself the prospect tends to break down his own sales resistance toward the innovations that may be necessary to bring his home within his means.

The $30 to $40 a month house, costing no more than $4,000, will probably represent the meeting-point of present-day costs and purchasing power. It need not be the limit of the ultimate market. As volume increases and mass production becomes a fact instead of a fantasy in home building, costs will inevitably go down. Then the $25 and the $20 a month renter will move into the market for new shelter. The worthy goal of adequate housing for all without need for any subsidy may be glimpsed.

If the first step can be accomplished, now—this year—is the time to do it. If it can't be done, let us all go cap in hand to Washington and beseech a paternalistic government to subsidize *all* of the millions of homes that those with limited incomes now need.

Pills for Precontents

By LeGARDE S. DOUGHTY

> It is an ancient mariner,
> And he stoppeth one of three.
> "By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,
> Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

AND THE world has revolved through many an equinox since the spellbound one of three acquiesced to the mariner's glittering eye; when not even the loud bassoon could draw him away to the wedding feast. And it has slithered into so many materialistic prepossessions it is doubtful that the wedding guest of this century has time for the wedding, much less deference to the mystical glittering eye. As a matter of fact he threatens to become a staccato *clack, clack, clack*—"with soul so dead."

There is little left of neighborly exchange over back fences or across front lawns. Peter is busy changing a tire while Paul runs for the 8:15 coach. It is virtually all a matter of wheels, steel girders, and geometry throughout the whole reach from alarm clock to card table. (Is there one who will confute me upon the card table? Is it a human thing or a mathematical thing? Is there much about it suggestive of geniality or of confraternity—except, perhaps, the cigarette ashes?)

Human beings are hard at the labor of metamorphosing humanity; of turning humanity into utility, broadly speaking, like wrenching the strings from a violin and tying them over the sound holes to make a mouse cage. They are determined to change blood into oil, muscles into pistons, minds into meters.

It is easy to write about all this. But to do something about it takes more than words. It would do no good to hook one's finger into every passing coat lapel. The wearer would shove him aside without much ceremony. Maybe the mariner's glittering eye, after all, would work again.

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All the headlines are in Europe, but not all the trouble of materialism. There is plenty of it in America. Suppose the ancient mariner could come to Augusta, Georgia. . . . The semi-personal identities that follow are fictitious—that is, they are not single individuals in Augusta, Georgia; they are multiplied individuals everywhere.

Now Coleridge's ancient mariner had a story to tell. If he came back today he would have a book to write. Of course it would be a practical moral book; and he would do the work not at the Library but in front of the Southern Finance Building.

Perhaps like this:

The mariner contacts subject number one, holds him with the glittering eye and, having acquired strange powers during his interim in the spirit world, sees into him as surely as if he were clear water. The man is forty-five, lean and hard; rather ruddy, with a sprinkling of large freckles; shell-rimmed glasses; thin yellow hair, brushed to a fine gloss; rather bald over the forehead.

"You are a bridge contractor," says the mariner.

The man looks startled at first, then settles down, for the narcotic eye-ray rectifies the insolence.

"Pardon me, sir," the mariner continues, "but your whole life is made up of arches, cables, spans, bascules, masonry and steel. You are thinking, in logical consequence of suggestion, about Hell Gate Bridge, New York; and the idea, compounding suggestion, causes you to think of the bridge at the harbor of Sydney and its 1,650-foot arch."

"And the new California marvel," the man inserts eagerly.

"This," the mariner resumes, "is scarcely an exaggeration of the common employment of your whole mind. You think so much of bridges you forget the people going over them."

"But, sir," the contractor replies with a little huff, "do you realize how many vehicles per diem cross the offspring of my own talent, the Fifth Street Bridge into Carolina?"

"And, sir," the mariner retorts, "do you realize that most of the occupants of them haven't any notion where they are going?"

The engineer, mouth open, is certain the stranger is both peculiar and perspicacious, and no less candid.

The mariner fixes eye upon a stubby, paunchy man of about fifty years. His face has the indoor pallor of putty. He wears thick rimless glasses which seem so much a part of him one almost thinks they will not come off his nose. His shoulders are more erect than is essential to self-confidence. He is somewhat too certain of the world and all its ramifications.

"Sir," says the mariner, "you are overtly the editor of the *News;* but covertly you have more taste for petty political putrescence than for any implication in the 'by and for the people' slogan under your masthead."

The editor turns red at the neck and begins to sputter: "Why, sir, our fair city—er—our fair—"

"But," interrupts the mariner, "go look at the Thirteenth Street slums, then write a rose-petal editorial about 'our fair city,' unless you are gagged by the municipal advertising pledged to you for jockeying with the councilmanic caucus. Your whole policy, sir, is circumscribed by the mechanics of bookkeeping."

The editor's blood pounds at his temples. The mariner fears some catastrophe to the man's health, and allows him to go.

Now comes a somewhat younger man. The mariner recognizes him as a surgeon as clearly by the incisive sharpness of his features as by the supple longness of his fingers.

"One moment, doctor," the mariner calls.

The doctor is taken aback, and looks perplexed, as if trying to place the stranger. This he cannot do, so he says, "Yes!"

"Isn't it odd, doctor," says the mariner, "that you have no interest in the assembled man, that is, man as a whole entity? You see him only as a congeries: heart, liver, lung, kidney, stomach, bicep, scapula, ilium, and a thousand other things. But you have just this moment passed a bad case of amaurosis; and you failed to see the man at all."

The doctor raises his two tufted brows in astonishment.

"Really," he says, "I'd never quite thought it out."

He turns, tossing a half dollar into the blind man's cup with so inconspicuous a motion the coin scarcely clinks.

"Really, I'm glad you mentioned it," he says.

"Splendid, doctor," says the mariner, "there is none so wise as he who repairs his unwisdom. And by the way, doctor, you are quite an astronomer too."

"Yes," the doctor replies, pleased to change the subject, "it's really more than a hobby."

"Then you know it takes the light of some of the stars—astronomy is a little out of my line—hundreds of years to reach the earth."

The surgeon confirms the mariner with excited zeal. "Yes, it takes the light of Alpha Centauri, the nearest, over four years."

"But," the mariner says, "do you know how long it will take the light of mutuality to reach the brain of civilization?"

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The glittering eye works with the old Coleridgean magic. The mariner stops a post-surrealistic artist, but finds him too chaotic in his point of view to see order or symmetry or equity in anything; he allows the man to pass, hopeless.

Here is a mill president whose enterprise consumes 50,000 bales of cotton per annum. His mind, the mariner discovers, is upon a housing problem: his coastal summer home that has suffered from the little finger of a sea storm.

"Spindles!" the mariner ejaculates.

"Operating day and night, full time," the miller says by rote. Then he puckers his forehead. "Why, what's all this?"

"Do you know," asks the mariner, "that Francis of Assisi worked harder than you and held 51 percent of stock in nothing?"

"But there's a meeting of the board in ten minutes," he replies, his thumb rubbing the crystal of his watch, "there's the proposition of increasing the selling force. Won't you see me later? Besides," with increasing impatience, "I have made a donation to Consolidated Charities."

The mariner stops a corpulent, reddish individual whose neck is too bulky for his low collar. His coat pockets bulge from over-stuffing. His trousers bag at the knees so that when he stands still he gives one the impression of being about to jump.

"Do you not think," asks the mariner, "that it would be both unique and a mark of dignity to change the gilt lettering on your door to 'Jurisprudentialist'?"

The lawyer, by profession a man of quick replies, has a prompt answer. "Certainly not! You see, the racketeers are rather an unlettered lot; and they might not understand a shingle that uses up half the alphabet."

"But," the mariner says, "it is the pure philosophy of law I think of."

"Ha," the lawyer retorts, "but the practicality of practise, the system of—"

Abruptly the mariner withdraws the eye-beam to escape a false banality. The day crosses meridian and the glittering eye halts many a man. The total experience has fixed in the mariner's mind the impression of human faces distorted in a composite with such things as adding machines, dollar marks, business graphs, concrete mixers, and ostriches with heads under sand. It is toward evening as the eye fixes upon a Communist agitator. The mariner finds him intent on the mechanics of undoing to such a degree that by the time he has completed his dismantling program there will be no divisor, no dividend, no quotient.

"One moment, sir!" the mariner stops him, "the dictionary definition (No. 4) of 'culture' is 'the enlightenment and discipline acquired by mental and moral training.' Now, sir, I am eager to admit that it will take a long time to match fact to term; but don't you think your humbug is rather a vulgar antithesis, a process much like spitting tobacco into a Dresden cup?"

The man becomes so enraged the blue stubble on his cheeks springs into cactaceous prickles, just as the caricatures show it.

At length there comes a tall, greying gentleman with a step that neither hurries nor lags. His whole aspect fluently resolves into a protocol of cordiality. His mouth is of a mold that speaks with prudence. His ears are shaped to listen with attention. His nose is carried neither at the supercilious angle nor at the humble. His chin is firm, neither protruding to arrogance nor receding to weakness. His eyes are of the depth and hue that typify vision, not evasion. Surely, this man is the science, the logic, the philosophy, the art, the virtue, the all-in-one of humanity.

"Pardon me, sir," says the mariner, "but would you mind telling me whether or not you object to the hubbub of the electric drill?"

The man's expression becomes an exact blend of seriousness and humor.

"Well, sir," he answers, "I am willing to stand any sort of noise that goes on with good purpose; but I'd much rather listen to the Melody in F."

Ghostly Foreword to All Histories

No origin and growth, no narrative of voyages,
Fixes us
Though we were conceived and grew,
Spat in the wind
And wore the boot through. Also we made lace.
Also we died in our cradles.

What evenings we desisted,
And what mornings
With back of hand
Wiped the mouth dry and closed,
You will not number those,
Nor in what country. . . .

Neither will you state with any accuracy
Our kinship, sex,
And how the brow was tilted;
The several bones you gather into one
Neat and extraordinary skeleton
Neither resemble nor disfigure us.

Yet we are numbered, who fell as the sparrow,
And lo! fixed
As in no archives,
Acts,
Chronicles,
Annals. . . .
Our Father knows the color of His children's eyes.

MARGARET MARKS.

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Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

IT IS to be hoped that we shall soon receive the full text of the pastoral letter of the German bishops, which was read from the Catholic pulpits of Germany on Sunday, August 28, having been formulated at a recent conference of the hierarchy at Fulda. The quotations from the pastoral and paraphrases of passages, given by press reports, are indicative of the general character of the document, but experience has often proved that newspaper correspondents, in summarizing the contents of theological pronouncements, are apt to slight or omit some of their most important and significant contents. If, as seems probable, the correspondents in this instance have correctly quoted from the German bishops, the complete text of the letter will simply supply the date which justifies the leaders of the Church in Germany for making the exceedingly grave charges brought by them against the Nazi government. The circumstance that these charges are made public to all the world at a time when the crisis over Czechoslovakia is so acute as to cast the shadow of a threatened war over all the world also tends to increase the import of the bishops' statement. No doubt, the anger of the Nazi government will be directed against the Catholic leaders whose duty to their followers, and to their Church, have compelled them to reveal the full nature of the conflict going on inside Germany at a time when the new masters of that country are mustering all their forces to carry on their plans of dominance—or perhaps of conquest—against other nations.

According to the Associated Press report, "Germany's Roman Catholic hierarchy, in a long, defiant letter read from church pulpits, pronounced a bitter indictment of what it called efforts to destroy the Church and uproot Christianity in general. The Nazis were not mentioned, but no one doubted they were the objects of the attack." It is also stated in this report that the bishops say, "The fate of the catacombs is intended for us, which is meant to be the beginning of the end." They appeal for cessation of "the battle against Christianity, because this very strife is causing a deep rift among the German people." Another direct quotation is made which places the view taken by the German bishops in a very clear light indeed. "Various experiences," the quotation runs, "enable us to establish that attacks in no way have become more temperate or more bearable, but, rather, much more hostile and violent as well as evident. These attacks strive for the hindrance of and the sucking away of the life blood of the Catholic Church, destruction of the Church among the people, uprooting of Christianity in general and the introduction of a faith which no longer has the slightest to do with belief in God and the hereafter."

In view of the recent banishment of the Bishop of Rottenburg from his diocese, the entire episcopacy of Germany voice their protest against his treatment, but state their fear that within a definite period of time they, too, "will be submitted to such systematically exerted measures." Proclaiming their loyalty to the State as such, at the same time, however, they declare that they never will "put up with detraction of their faith, limitations of Church rights or loss of personal courage and character for the sake of favors or a state of sufferance." Hence, it would seem to be certain, granted that the press reports are fully correct, that the leaders of Catholicism in Germany at last have exhausted the wonderful patience and endurance which have so nobly guided their conduct against the relentless pressure of the Nazi paganism which has inaugurated this vast persecution of the Church, and have branded their enemies for what they are, fully accepting all the consequences which will follow upon their declaration.

So it is that the new Germany has, on this most fundamental point, united with Russia, against which they struggled on other issues, as allies in that positive war upon Christianity which has become the fundamental event of this day of universal crisis. The notion held by too many people, including too many easy-going Catholics, that the movement against Christianity in Germany represented nothing more serious—however deplorable—than the eccentric opinions of a few individuals, chance holders of public power, and that the storm would soon blow over, cannot be seriously held in the face of the declaration now made by the German bishops. Further evidence of the truth is afforded by a new book written by a German Catholic student, Dr. Aurel Kolnai, "The War against the West," publshed recently by the Viking Press. The book is a study of the writings of Nazi authors, listed in fourteen pages, most of them being authors quite unknown outside of Germany, but whose views are for that very reason all the more significant and representative of Nazi ideology, for they show, as Mr. Wickham Steed remarks in his introduction, "cumulative proof (overwhelming in its completeness) of the tendency of such German thought as can now be printed in Germany," under its all-embracing state censorship. And this mass of evidence all points to the conception of the nation "as the ultimate standard of its own conduct." In this conception Dr. Kolnai sees a return by modern Germany to a tribal condition in which the community, unguided by any higher source of ethical law, overshadows all individuals and personalities, and all who are not the leaders of the mass are essentially slaves.

Against this new idolatry, the Catholic Church, the mother of human liberties, is now fully at war.

Communications

OUR ANCIENT HERITAGE OF SONG

Cliff Haven, N. Y.

TO the Editors: If the slender thread of interest be not already broken may I, at this late hour, be permitted to reply to W. A. P. Martin's admirable letter on page 298 of your issue of July 8?

Entitled "Our Ancient Heritage of Song," he says many things that find more than an echo in an aching heart, for I, too, am a convert of close upon forty years' standing. Accustomed to precisely the same type of text and

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music, in which I was reared, I was refreshingly amazed when I visited a church in Ohio and, to my delight, heard the Vespers of the B. V. M. sung in English. Immediately after the service I approached the pastor and asked "by what authority" he permitted this to be done. This was answered in a most satisfactory manner, but that was the only church where this was done, for I made careful inquiries, without avail.

While I am deeply interested in hymnology, concerning which something should surely be done, I beg leave to suggest that the congregational use of the Psalter is something that demands immediate attention. When we come to consider that the New Testament is the fulfilment of the Old, and that we have inherited our standards of living from the Ten Commandments, so have we inherited the Psalter, the veritable backbone of the Jewish Liturgy as it is of the Christian. In as much as a high percentage of the Propers of the Mass are extracted from the Psalter, it would seem to be a fitting thing to better acquaint the people with such while the congregational participation in Vespers could then be made a living thing.

Many will remember with what pleasure an attempt was made on February 13, March 13, April 3 and May 1 to acquaint the faithful with Vespers when the Schola of the Liturgical Arts Society, superbly assisted by the Pius X Choir, sang Vespers in such a finished manner that one was reminded of the ages of faith, when such things happened, as we are reliably informed by Chaucer. Everyone was provided with the Latin words as also with a finished and euphonious translation, so that the intelligence of all might be ministered thereto. Artistically, no fault could be found with these performances, but the congregation was slow to respond. This reluctance on the part of the congregation is perfectly natural and for a simple reason: if it took the singers many weeks of preparation, is it to be expected that the people, without any definite instruction, would feel inclined to "rush in where angels fear to tread"? No one can seriously doubt that the congregation would revel in Psalmody, just as they did in Papa Haydn's time, when he was "thrilled" to hear a vast congregation in St. Paul's Cathedral singing the Psalms of David. If then, why not now? It merely requires a little training, as 95 percent of mankind can sing.

With regard to the hymns, which are to be heard at all times and in all places, it is interesting to note that in the Breviary there are five times as many psalms in the Daily Office as there are hymns. In what we do hear in our churches, this proportion is absolutely non-existent.

With regard to hymns there is no doubt while we are "suffering" from a plethora of hymners, good, bad and indifferent, there is still room for a Liturgical Hymner, containing the Ordinary of the Mass, the five Sequences, the prescribed hymns for the Corpus Christi procession of the Blessed Sacrament, which include the "Benedictus Dominus Deus Israel" and the "Magnificat" (W.A.P.M. take heed!) as well as the Office hymns for the Vespers of every occasion and (perhaps!) some of the twelfth and earlier centuries (these in English). Every word should be syllabized with the usual hyphen, and this "pointing and noting" is an enormous aid to those who fain would worship God themselves, rather than by proxy! Last, but not least, the introduction of the four seasonable anthems of the B.V.M. is something that could be accomplished at once. These would, naturally, be included in this suggested Liturgical Hymner.

TENAX PROPOSITI.

THE BREVIARY IN ENGLISH

El Paso, Tex.

TO the Editors: Although almost fifty years old, and a Catholic from the cradle, I had no idea about the Breviary.

This summer, as I wandered aimlessly through a Catholic College library, my eyes noted 'way down in an obscure corner a set of four small books with "Breviarum Romanum" on their backs. Almost with a shout of joy they were pounced upon. Now for the very first time in my life I could discover the secrets of a Roman Breviary—the book from which our clergy are bound to read each day under pain of sin.

For days I read and exulted, and marveled. Each day's Office, differing from each even as each Mass differs daily. Ringing psalms; lovely morning and evening hymns; other hymns in honor of the particular saint of the day; inspiring little biographies of those saints; succinct lessons for higher, nobler living written by such giants as Saint Augustine, Saint Ambrose, Gregory Nazianzen and others. What a marvelous treasure-house of prayer, meditation and devotion!

My almost forgotten high-school Latin proved inadequate for a really intelligent translation of it all. Many times I sighed and wished, "Oh, if only there were an English translation of this delightful book!" Dimly I remembered reading an advertisement about just such a thing. Hopefully I wrote to the P. J. Kenedy Company in New York for information. What joy to receive in reply their assurance that there actually was an English edition of the Roman Breviary; that it cost $4.25 per volume; $17 for the complete set. It had been prepared, they told me, by the Benedictine nuns of Stanbrook Abbey, England. Benziger Brothers were its publishers.

How fitting that English nuns should give this work to the English-speaking world! The very dawn of Christianity in England, under Bishop Augustine, saw the English people on their distant island drawn into close union with the Holy Roman See. Down the ages, English Catholics held fast the liturgy of the Church. In medieval England, where everyone who was educated at all knew Latin thoroughly, the sonorous psalms and prayers of the Church were recited by loyal laymen as well as by their priests. When the days of bloody persecution raged, stanch English Catholics, both men and women, prayed the beautiful Matins, Lauds, Vespers and Compline of the Roman Breviary from memory, in their foul dungeons, and even on the steps of the scaffold. Yet today we, their posterity, know nothing of those prayers! Moderns have no desire to learn the Latin tongue, therefore the average layman of today has no idea of the lovely Breviary Office, even as I myself had none, until accident discovered it.

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Real Catholic Action has been defined as "working with the Church: praying with the Church: thinking with the Church." What better way of fulfilling that than by using the very words of the Church in her official prayerbook—the Breviary?

Here is a suggestion. Why in heaven's name should not one's relatives unite their finances to procure at least one set of the English Breviary for the family? It would be the finest Christmas, or birthday, or wedding, or graduation gift ever printed.

Why could not the appreciative parents of our children unite to show their gratitude to some much overworked religious teacher by presenting her with such a valuable and precious gift? Then they might see tears of grateful joy dim those consecrated eyes, and know that for once their gift has been original and unique, one that will be treasured as long as the recipient shall live. Why not do this gracious thing, instead of making banal presents of candy, gloves, handkerchiefs, etc.?

"O taste and see that the Lord is sweet." Taste the delights of praying daily from the oldest, yet most enchanting, prayerbook ever compiled. The prayerbook authorized by the Catholic Church herself as fit for her consecrated ministers, should surely be fit for us laity, loyal children of that Church. We shall find in its pages joy, and resignation, and peace and consolation. Let us indeed "work with the Church: pray with the Church: think with the Church." Let us "taste and see."

A Teaching Religious.

RACISM IN FRANCE

Paris, France.

To the Editors: As a friend of your most interesting review and as sub-editor of the French Catholic weekly *Temps Présent,* I take the liberty of writing to you this letter.

I have just read the article of Mr. Bernard Biermann, "Racism in France," published in the August 12 issue of your review. If this article is a joke, then I think it is an excellent one; but if it is not a joke, then, despite my sense of humor, I cannot understand it.

I am professionally a specialist in sociology and ethnology. And, since 1930, I have studied, with much attention, racism in Germany, France and England. I speak, in consequence, with a certain knowledge of the racial question.

Mr. Bernard Biermann seems to think that Camille Jullian was a dictionary of racism. Poor Camille Jullian! Poor professor of history! Camille Jullian has only brought new light on the historical beginnings of my country. He has proved—and rightly, I believe—that Gaul was not a savage country, but had a civilization of its own, equal, *quodammodo,* to the civilization of ancient Rome. He is far, far away from H. S. Chamberlain and Rosenberg.

Among those who, for Mr. Biermann, are racists, I find Joseph Dechelette. This is too much! Dechelette was only an archeologist—and he was also a good Catholic, brother of the late Bishop Dechelette of Evreux.

Our racists, our authentic racists, are Gobineau and Vacher de Lapouge, whom Mr. Biermann does not even mention. Our racists have found an audience—in Germany. For there is nothing more in Rosenberg than in H. S. Chamberlain and nothing more in Chamberlain than in Gobineau and Vacher de Lapouge.

M. Biermann writes, "Already, there are people who would have statues of Joan of Arc removed and her place given to the national hero Verc" (alias Vercingetorix). I have met in France very strange people. I have met pacifists, like Grillot de Givry, who hated Joan of Arc. I have never met a man or woman or ghost who wanted to give to Vercingetorix the place of Joan of Arc. I fear Mr. Biermann has been the victim of some humbug.

Mr. Biermann says: "Whole regions in the south are becoming negroidized. . . . Many a country-district looks like North Africa." M. Biermann most probably traveled with black glasses. What south? The south of France is not near to being negroidized—except the colonial troops in the garrisons. I am a great traveler. I have traveled on foot in all the provinces of France. Never have I seen mulattos or quadroons or even octaroons in our rural villages. I am from the south of France (Dauphiné, between Lyons and Grenoble). The "natives" of this province—at least in my village—are taller than Mr. Goebbels and fairer than Mr. Hitler. They have often blue or green eyes. Believe me, the most negroidized region of France is Montparnasse.

And I fear that Mr. Biermann has written his article on the *terrasse* of La Rotonde, sandwiched between a mongoloid painter and a "coffee-and-milk" writer of *vers libre.*

Mr. Biermann speaks very lightly of the *projet Violette* which proposes to grant political rights to certain categories of Mohammedan natives in Algeria without asking them to renounce their *statut personnel.* Does Mr. Biermann know that all Algerian natives are already French citizens by the *senatus-consulte* of 1862? The only effect of the *projet Violette* is to give them citizenship *in actu.* Does he know that the *projet Violette* confers this full citizenship on 25,000 natives only, among 6,000,000? Does he know that the Mohammedan nationalists whose organ is the weekly *El Ouma* (the *Star*) have violently fought against the *projet Violette?*

Does he know that racism, in France, is not to be feared because it already exists? It is not to be feared but to be fought, not in the metropolis but in certain of our colonies.

Mr. Biermann sees racism where there is none. He does not see racism where racism is. And he repeats twice-told tale of negroidized France, slogan of the Nazi propaganda, fairy-tale without relation to reality.

Vercingetorix is dead as a door nail. But, alas, sin is alive. And, if France is not theoretically racist, if a French racist doctrine is only a very remote possibility, a practical racism has too much influence in our colonies. There is the real racism, the racism which we, Catholics of France, must extirpate.

Joseph Folliet.

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Points & Lines

Dis-United Automobile Workers

THE MEDIATION of John L. Lewis, chairman of the CIO, failed to bring peace to the CIO's 400,000-member constituent, the Auto Workers' Union. The proposals, outlined in the Baltimore *Sun,* were fivefold:

> That the four expelled members of the executive board be reinstated. That this arrangement continue until the next convention, to be held in August, 1939. That all officers of the union reaffirm their adherence to a twenty-point "harmony" program accepted last May. That all officers agree not to discuss the internal controversy in local unions or mass meetings, pending the action of the 1939 convention. That any disputes arising from this agreement, which cannot be settled by the parties involved, be referred to the executive officers of the CIO.

These points were accepted by the "rebel" group of discharged officers, but President Martin refused to accept them and referred them to the executive committee of the union, which his group now controls. The *Christian Science Monitor* declares in a special article:

> The prospect here is that if the breach is not quickly healed the union will cut its ties with CIO and start off on an independent course, perhaps as the nucleus of a third labor party. Here is a fight between Homer Martin, president of UAW, and the ousted group of vice-presidents led by Richard T. Frankensteen. What complicates the battle is the behind-the-scenes rôle played by the Reverend Charles E. Coughlin, radio priest of Detroit, who has given public support to Mr. Martin and his faction. . . . It is like the AFL-CIO row all over again. Mr. Frankensteen . . . if no compromise is reached, is expected to call a rump convention, which may split the whole autonomous labor movement.

The story was also given currency that Martin is in communication with Dubinsky, leader of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union. In answer to this report printed in the *New Republic,* Mr. Dubinsky wrote:

> This is wholly untrue. . . . By the same hot-weather reasoning, this fantastic alliance between Homer Martin and myself, according to your Mr. T. R. B., appears to have affected quite grievously some politically minded New Dealers in the capital. Which is, to say the least, rather ludicrous. Every well-informed and authoritative New Dealer is fully conversant with the unbroken and faithful cooperation I personally and the organization I represent have given the New Deal from the first.

Father Coughlin's *Social Justice* is in the thick of the fight. Its "Man of the Week" for August 15 was Richard T. Frankensteen:

> Frankensteen is a member of the welfare board of the state of Michigan. He is an appointee of Governor Frank Murphy, who similarly has enjoyed the support of Communists. . . . Thus the laboring men who followed Frankensteen erred, unknowingly. They were entrusting their welfare to a man whose first thought was not for them. Their welfare, thus, was bound up with the welfare of the Communist party which, it has been shown, traded with Frankensteen for mutual support.

The *New Masses* also brings Governor Murphy into the picture, in a long laudatory article. According to it, the Republican candidates for governor to oppose Murphy, . . . as the campaign progresses, sound more and more alike, particularly as they are encouraged by Homer Martin's Red-baiting. In Fitzgerald's headquarters, as in Toy's they will tell you "confidentially" that Murphy is a Communist, taking orders from Washington. . . . But perhaps the greatest threat to the Murphy campaign is the Lovestoneite-inspired split in the UAW.

The Communist party press is solidly for the Lewis proposals. The *Daily Worker* says:

> It is no longer an inner factional fight which stirs the UAW. It is now this: For or against the CIO!—For or against the leadership of John L. Lewis! . . . Those who fight these proposals will be those who are so poisoned by factionalism that they are ready to wreck the union rather than submit. These people will find as their only ally the big union-wrecking employers and their stooges, the Lovestoneites and Trotzkyists.

The opposition revolutionary press, which abhors Earl Browder and the Communist party for having betrayed "the great tradition of militant, working-class socialism," is solidly behind Martin against the "unity" faction. The reaction of the UAW locals to Lewis's plan was mostly unfavorable. First, the great West Side locals of Detroit were reported as favoring the plan. Then the Wisconsin locals, after riots with the opposition, passed a bitter resolution condemning it and asking that its dues be withheld from the central CIO offices. The next day, representatives of 75,000 members of the Detroit region, and the local in Tarrytown, N. Y., resolved upon rebukes for Lewis. The Michigan group "resolved":

> That the chairman of the CIO be advised that a meeting held Sunday, August 28, of the executive officers of the locals of District 6 went on record as opposed to the action of John L. Lewis in sending out communications to the local unions over the heads of our international executive board, and whereas interference on the part of John L. Lewis will not help the UAWA but can only result in dissension and end in chaos, be it further resolved that the chairman of the CIO is requested to refrain from interfering with the affairs of the UAWA.

Mr. Martin observed:

> My relationship with Lewis is very fine. It has been thoroughly strained.

President Green of the AFL explained that the trouble is

> directly traceable to the organizational structure of the CIO and its false economic philosophy. It shows that the organization of workers cannot succeed where they are dominated and controlled by a dictator and autocrat.

John L. Lewis said:

> The representatives of the CIO are confident that the acceptance will meet with the overwhelming support of the membership of the UAW. These members are primarily concerned in preserving their union as an economic instrumentality rather than being concerned with the identity of the individual who may hold some particular office. It should be recalled that the controversy originated among the twenty-four paid officers of the union, not in the ranks of membership.

Hungary and Empire

A LOGICAL and even predictable step in the re-establishment of German empire through the absorption of Danubian lands into the Reich was signalized by the recent royal welcome extended to the Hungarian Regent, Nicholas Horthy, on his visit to Germany.

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Harry Gannes in the *Daily Worker* remarks:

> The flattering attention which the Nazis are paying to Hungary at this moment is distinctly of the fly-and-spider variety.

The *New Republic* is more cautious in its analysis:

> Admiral Horthy, the Hungarian Regent, has made a state visit to Berlin which has caused some—doubtless too sensational—journalists to recall Schuschnigg's visit to Berchtesgaden.

The *Nation* goes even further:

> The elaborate reception given Horthy in Germany is all too obvious in its intent. It represents an attempt to entice Hungary to play the inglorious rôle that Austria filled so satisfactorily during the last two years of its existence. Hungary is to be cemented to the axis. It is to agree to support the German demands in Czechoslovakia, militarily and economically. Anti-Nazi elements are gradually to be weeded out in preparation for ultimate Anschluss.

All three opinions seem counter to historical tendency, a matter which weighs heavily in the Nazi scales. Said *Newsweek:*

> Nazi newspapers acclaimed Horthy's visit as a manifestation of centuries-old friendship and an expression of kindred political aims.

In a sense it might be said that the historic mission of Hungary has been to constitute a favored and autonomous minority in a Germanic empire. Since Germany needs Hungary's agricultural products and Hungary needs Germany as a customer, since Germany could well use the strategic advantage of a military alliance with Hungary in her attempts to break Czech and Rumanian opposition, and since the ruling caste of Hungary would undoubtedly feel easier in its mind if it could be sure of German help in case of internal trouble, it seems likely that a military and economic entente, perhaps of a permanent character, resembling in many respects the old dual monarchy, is what the Horthy visit portends. And such a project would fit in better with Nazi ideas of race than would an attempt at total absorption.

A standard history of post-war Europe gives this description of Hungarian internal affairs (F. Lee Benns in "Europe since 1914"):

> In 1920 nearly three-fourths of the peasant population of Hungary consisted of landless agricultural laborers or those whose tiny holdings placed them in practically the same category, while nearly 40 percent of the land was included in estates exceeding 1,400 acres each. . . . In general, Hungary is relatively little changed politically or socially from its pre-war status.

That this condition continues is indicated by a recent special report to the *Christian Science Monitor:*

> . . . 3,524,770 of Hungary's 4,500,000 agriculturists earn less than $42 each a year. At least half of Hungary's agriculturists live wretchedly and under present conditions have no hope of a better future. . . . There are at least 1,000,000 [urban] workers who receive (men, women and children included) no more than $60 a year each. These are city people, most of them inhabitants of Greater Budapest. To live here on $5 a month means deprivation. . . . The task of the new Prime Minister [Bela Imrédy] is not to stand pat. He has studied the situation in Italy and Germany and is trying to introduce features of those régimes, without letting the local Fascists and National Socialists get control. His régime is Fascism without Fascists. That is Hungary's great experiment.

The Stage & Screen

The Drama's Economic Handicap

WHEN we hear that a play which ran for several months in New York and which grossed an average of at least $8,000 a week, was a financial failure, we realize that there is something wrong in the economic structure of the theatre. Yet this is exactly what happened to that most delightful comedy, "Father Malachy's Miracle." Twenty years ago any dramatic production taking in $8,000 a week would have run for a year in New York and another year or two on the road, and the play would have been denominated a moderate success. But today there is no such thing as a moderate success; a play is either a smash hit or a candidate for the storehouse. Of course there are occasional plays which, being played in one set with a small cast of inexpensive actors, are able to get along with grosses of $6,000 a week, but the average play must take in $9,000 or $10,000, and some are failures if the figure isn't several thousands higher. This is a lamentable situation. Many of the finest plays, just as of the finest books, have a limited audience, and no limited audience can today make a play financially successful. A play even to be considered for production must today have the widest sort of appeal, which means of course that that appeal must be to medium brackets of intelligence. Of course there are such plays which also appeal to the superior type of mind, but this is, alas, not in the least necessary for their success.

That this is an unhealthy and stultifying condition is manifest, but it is a condition which will not be improved until the costs of play production can be radically reduced. The condition is emphatically not the fault of the actor, for despite the new Equity minimum rule the average actor's salary is today much lower than it was twenty or even ten years ago. The fault lies with the Stage Hands' Union, the Union of the Scenic Artists, and the theatre owners. The pay of the stage hand is today probably higher than that of the average actor, while the union demands often make stage crews two and three times larger than they need to be. Many a play indeed which has only one set doesn't need any stage hands at all, and yet these plays must have their full complement of men who have nothing to do except raise and lower the curtain, and draw their pay, and many a play fails solely because utterly unnecessary stage hands eat up the difference between a surplus and a deficit. Then again the Scenic Artists' Union, a completely closed shop, has boosted the cost of the initial outlay for a play, often by thousands of dollars. And then there are the high rents and percentages demanded by the theatre owners, who defend their demands on the ground that their theatres are so often empty that they must make up the loss when they are taken. They are empty because producers don't dare to produce because of the expense of producing, and this expense goes back to the demands of the stage hands, the scenic artists, and the landlords!

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It is thus a vicious circle in which no one emerges the gainer, the drama and the playwright least of all. If there was ever need for common-sense collaboration it is now. Theatre tickets are too high for the general public, which goes instead to the movies, and they are too high because play production is too expensive. It is all a tragic paradox. GRENVILLE VERNON.

Boys, Girls, Psychiatrists and Salmon

"CAREFREE" fits its title well. It's a light, wind-blown sort of comedy with swell tunes by Irving Berlin, some first-rate dancing by Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, and a breezy plot that takes a couple of satirical pokes at psychiatrists. Ralph Bellamy brings his girl, Ginger Rogers, to Dr. Astaire to be psychoanalyzed, and the inevitable happens. The story has little more depth than most Astaire-Rogers pictures and is not to be taken too seriously. Fix your attention on the delightful dance sequence that fills Miss Rogers's dreams after she dines on lobster, cucumbers, strawberries and whipped cream; or concentrate on Mr. Astaire's perfection in timing in his golf number in which he combines dancing with teeing-off; or just let your feet jiggle away as the couple does the Yam, a song and dance that will most likely sweep the country. Luella Gear helps the principals make "Carefree" good entertainment. She belongs to that Alice Brady-Helen Broderick school of dizzy females who are handy as chaperones and clever wisecrackers.

If you want a lot of snappy answers, fast horseplay and ribbing of the movies, especially script writers, see "Boy Meets Girl." Based on the play by Bella and Samuel Spewack, this farce teams James Cagney and Pat O'Brien as the writers who will go to any limits to get their laughs and to get their contracts renewed. Marie Wilson is excellent as the wide-eyed waitress who is going to have a b-a-b-y. Her vacant stare and her naïveté in being good and sincere so that Happy, the baby, will be good and sincere are all that Cagney and O'Brien need to spur them on to new Hollywoodisms. The baby is put in the films and becomes "America's Sweetest Sweetheart." Outside of the witty gags and the satire, there isn't much to "Boy Meets Girl." James Cagney gives one of his best performances as the author who turns out trite scripts but who really has a yen to retire to Vermont and write a realistic novel about "two rats in a sewer."

Hard words, hard liquor and hard fightin' set the tone for "Spawn of the North." And this tone is broken only by a Damon and Pythias affair between George Raft and Henry Fonda, nearly ended when Raft joins the fish pirates while Fonda goes in for honest salmon trapping. These pirates under the villain Akim Tamiroff almost succeed in ruining the salmon industry during its early Alaskan days, until the vigilantes aided by Fonda kill off the whole gang. Set against gorgeous Alaska scenery with unusual opening shots of salmon swimming and leaping to their spawning grounds, "Spawn of the North" spins an exciting adventure tale. The well-chosen cast includes John Barrymore, Louise Platt, Lynne Overman and Dorothy Lamour. The star of the piece, however, is Slicker, Raft's trained seal. PHILIP HARTUNG.

Books of the Day

Fabian Tremors

Dare We Look Ahead?, by Bertrand Russell and others. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

IN REVISED form, the Fabian Lectures for 1937 make up this book. Bertrand Russell, writing on "Science and Social Institutions," asserts that civilization, characterized by the presence in society of scientific men, cannot endure unless wars can be altogether prevented. He also believes that the problem presented by a declining birth rate cannot readily be solved because measures looking to that end are financially unattractive and "involve a considerable shock to our ethical convictions." A Catholic finds it almost incredible that this latter statement could have been made.

"The War Horizon" is the subject dealt with by Vernon Bartlett in a series of trite remarks apropos the various unofficial wars now being waged or recently ended. Mr. Bartlett believes an eventual return to League principles is demanded by the facts of modern life.

G. D. H. Cole on "The Economic Consequences of War Preparation" shows how the rearmament plan of England must ultimately lower the standard of living, though for the moment the preparation of engines of war makes for fuller employment. He does not look for any immediate economic collapse in Fascist countries but he regards autarchy as less workable in Italy than in Germany. He indicates that long term investments have been virtually eliminated from the business world in expectation of the outbreak of a general war and that short term money exists correspondingly in quantity so vast that it cannot be adequately handled by the banking and industrial world. The general outlook for peace he seems to regard as hopeless.

Communistic thought and terminology pervade the contributions of Sir Stafford Cripps, K.C., M.P., and Rt. Hon. Herbert Morrison, M.P., L.C.C., who write respectively on "The Political Reactions of Rearmament" and "Journalism Today." Cripps is opposed to rearmament but not to "working-class rearmament" because the "foundation of peace must be working-class power." For Morrison the time has come when reform of society by patchwork done on the capitalist system must be abandoned in favor of the new society in which the institution of private property will become a thing of the past. To avoid violent revolution, however, he is opposed to the confiscation of private property.

Professor Laski in "The Outlook for Civil Liberties" finds that in England the security of those who control State power is in danger with the result that civil liberty is in danger. He makes out a prima facie case in favor of this opinion. Altogether this book is a good sample of left-wing opinion in England on prominent questions of the hour. JAMES N. VAUGHAN.

CONTEMPORARY SOCIAL PROBLEMS

Across the Frontiers, by Philip Gibbs. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. Illustrated. $3.00.

"...GO ON working for peace by justice, fair play, and good-will" pleads this book, which comes to us as a shocking disillusion in face of the acknowledged brilliancy of the author's journalistic reputation. For Sir Philip—internationally respected—closed

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his intellectual eyes to factual history and let his heart speak wishfully of world-wide reconciliation and peace, based on an Anglo-German understanding. The greater part of this very readable book deals with Germany, whose Nazist peacefulness is apparently so utopian and sincere that somehow England and Europe must accept it in good faith! Yet, despite openly praising Nazist achievements (?), he qualifies his every statement with "so I am told" or "to a non-expert eye," etc., thereby making the entire book more superficial than expert and realistic. As an entity, Sir Philip negates Nazism, yet he believes in the legend of Hitler "coming home as a brother" to Austria; the past months' events speak more of fratricide than of brotherhood!

Unintentionally, no doubt, the book is a consummate defense of present-day British policy of peace-at-any-price—peace "by friendly understanding and generous conciliation" (at someone else's cost?), "while remaining true to our own ideals and faithful to our pledges" (see Chamberlain's abandonment of the League of Nations!). True enough, Britain today seems to have succeeded in placating dictatorships, but for how long? Postponing a problem does not solve it, and inasmuch as the ultimate *raison d'être* of all dictatorships is war, just where does democracy's compromising, conceding and abdicating lead us? Sir Philip reiterates his belief in conciliation with Germany, with everyone else, for "breaking the back of the would-be disturbers of peace will never establish real peace."

In the meantime, however—and Sir Philip's travelogue is somber and discouraging indeed—we find distrust, insanity and armaments staggering to new heights; all fearfully anticipate that "inevitable" war for which they have been preparing for years; and despite Britain's diplomatic poker, Chamberlain has just now extended Baldwin's British frontier on the Rhine to the Danube, thus irrevocably crossing swords with Hitler's unconcealed ambitions. Perhaps Britain's "blind-man" *Realpolitik* will succeed in pacifying Europe. I for one doubt it! And so—enlightening and sincere as the book is—it remains compromising as to the policies advocated, and unreciprocated compromising spells failure and never success! BORIS ERICH NELSON.

The Catholic Doctor, by Father A. Bonnar, O.F.M., D.D. New York: P. J. Kenedy and Sons. $2.25.

FATHER BONNAR has written an extremely valuable book. It is marvelous how thoroughly compressed are the contents and yet how full of interesting information. There are chapters on miracles, morals and law, sex and marriage and birth control. But that is only the beginning. There are also chapters on baptism, euthanasia, sterilization, sex aberrations, psychotherapy, Freudianism, scruples, and the doctor and his practice.

In this volume a doctor can have under his hand in a form easy of consultation a definite discussion of all the questions that come under what is known as pastoral medicine, that is, those problems which occur in the borderland between medicine and theology. There are no waste words, and there is no shirking of the questions that need to be answered. The book is a precious treasure in a field where there is much need for authoritative treatment. I quote from the jacket a sentence which is literally true: "The clarity of the author's thought makes his book scientific enough to be invaluable to doctors yet simple enough to be understood without difficulty by others." JAMES J. WALSH.

Are We Movie Made?, by Raymond Moley. New York: Macy-Masius. $1.00.

IT IS significant that Mr. Moley admits in his introduction that he wrote this brochure at the suggestion of representatives of the motion picture industry. You are certain from this admission that his answer to the title will be a capital "NO." However, Mr. Moley was smart enough and safe enough to base practically his entire discussion on Mortimer J. Adler's profound book, "Art and Prudence," with special emphasis on those chapters from the Adler book which refute attempts to prove that motion pictures cause delinquency and crime or have other corrupting influence on character and conduct.

Mr. Moley deplores the lack of humility and caution in research in general, and quotes at great length Mr. Adler's analyses of the Payne Fund studies which were supposed to be scientific investigations of the effects of movies but which turned out to be, with some exceptions, disorderly and inadequate data watered with personal opinion. The last section of Mr. Moley's book, devoted to sane philosophical observations by Mr. Adler on the prudent man and the artist, includes Maritain's wise statement on censorship. Admitting that some prohibition is necessary, M. Maritain says "prohibitive measures, however necessary they may be, remain by nature less effective and less important than a robust intellectual and religious training, enabling mind and heart to resist vitally any morbid principle."

Mr. Moley does not fail to note that the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc., have been functioning very well in self-government and in raising the standards of production. The movies are about to launch a million-dollar campaign called "Movies are your best entertainment." Could Mr. Moley's book be the first step in that campaign? PHILIP HARTUNG.

Can Women Be Gentlemen?, by Gertrude Atherton. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

"CAN WOMEN BE GENTLEMEN?" could have been subtitled "Further Adventures and Opinions of a Novelist," the author carrying on where she left off in her autobiography, since what Mrs. Atherton does is relate some personal experiences and give her answers to such questions as why women lie, why they hate one another and whether they have the instincts of gentlemen. Extending the book, she holds forth on gold-diggers, humility, American husbands, human nature, the English race and the expulsion of the Jews from Spain.

In the first chapter she argues for equality between the sexes. In the beginning, she claims, women were the dominant sex, later men assumed the seats of the mighty, and now a gradual revolution is taking place which is putting women into power, as in olden times. This is bad. Men ought to realize what is happening and work for equality. The second chapter tries to show that the so-called womanly qualities—meanness, petty jealousy, spitefulness—are no more womanly than they are manly. If man were subject to similar conditions he would display the same traits. Spite is a human not a sex quality.

The author subscribes to the heresy that man is merely a "mess of virtues and vices, aspirations and grovelling instincts" and "that the majority of human beings are merely animals walking on their hind legs." Apparently she is innocent of the Christian teaching that man is a person who possesses virtues and vices, that he is a creature made in the image and likeness of his Creator. Mrs.

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Atherton may not realize it, but the crude materialist psychology she accepts is at the bottom of the communist ideology she detests.

There is little need to mention that though there are dull pages, her writing possesses clarity, moves easily, and is often brilliant and witty. The book has the defects of all secularist literature: it tends to be narrow and shallow. Understanding of a Catholic philosophy and its acceptance may not make one a competent writer, but it would have helped to make "Can Women Be Gentlemen?" a saner book. JOSEPH CALDERON.

CRITICISM

Poetry and Crisis, by Martin Turnell. London: Sands: The Paladin Press. 2s. 6d.

ONE WISHES, after completing "Poetry and Crisis," that all critics, those of prose as well as poetry, could be made to read it. Unquestionably all would not agree with each point Mr. Turnell makes, but his discussion is at once so sane and pithy that even those who would dissent from his position would benefit from its mere statement. (This correctly implies that his discussion is not narrowly of poetry—indeed the term as he uses it by and large can be considered synonymous with literature.) They will be provoked to new considerations even if these lead only to attack, or defense of their own positions.

Mr. Turnell's analysis of the principal differences between medieval and modern poetry is both shrewd and true; it is, further, one which can be argued from logic and without recourse either to dogma or sentiment but to history. The medieval poet "had a common subject-matter . . . " and "it is precisely the certainty not only about the existence, but the goodness of the created world" which characterized him. Today the poet—in an age which, less than others immediately preceding it, has unsuccessfully attempted to substitute literature for religion—has been driven back not only into uncertainty about everything save his own sensory impressions but into isolation as well. His indeed is a voice crying in a wilderness where each tree refuses to be a part of a forest. Mr. Turnell, who has a genuine admiration for T. S. Eliot without agreeing with all his theories of prosody, brings this modern poet to testify to the inherent fallacy of this position, quoting: "Thus the experience we get from major poetry is not something that happened to an individual; it is something that happened to human nature." It is this—the proper aspect of universality which should characterize all fine art—which is most missed today.

It is quite evident that Mr. Turnell conceives the function of the critic as highly important and one which is often illy and carelessly used. For he takes the unequivocable stand, after quoting Charles Du Bos, a French critic—"The trouble with English criticism is that it is cut off from the spiritual life of the race"—that effective criticism "must be based on permanent standards" and "without a metaphysic there can be no relation between the different writers." Chaucer, Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Eliot and Auden remain otherwise isolated and relationless. Very probably Mr. Turnell could write a history of English criticism in terms of the search for permanent standards but it would have to be concluded with the report that these have not been found. And short of a return of a Christian social order, it is doubtful that they will ever be found—the present chaos can only continue. JOHN GILLAND BRUNINI.

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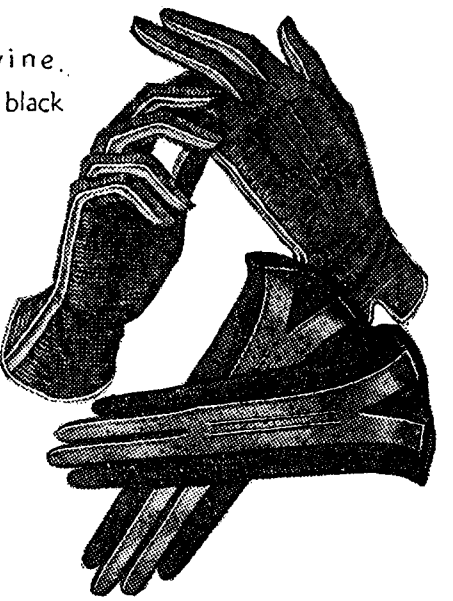

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POETRY

The Silver Branch: An Anthology of Old Irish Poetry; selected by Sean O'Faolain. New York: The Viking Press. $2.00.

STUDENTS of Irish literature should thank Sean O'Faolain for concentrating on scholarly editions of Irish verse published in the last seventy-five years and for culling about fifty lyrics that deserve something better than burial with the anonymous, convention-bound medieval scribes. He has included nothing written after 1400 and nothing of the "pseudo." The translations are by himself and other scholars of Old Irish. General readers of this collection are liable to become annoyed at overdoses of "sweet and gentle flowers," "heady wine," "breaking waves," "cold, snowy nights" and "stags upon hillocks"; but they will be compensated for their reading by the discovery of some lyrics of great beauty full of imaginative suggestiveness and pithy figures of speech. These poems with their warm, human qualities, mingling of personal with general, vivid regard for nature, fullness of folklore and exaggeration, are forerunners of modern Irish literature.

The book has an interesting introduction and bibliographical notes by Mr. O'Faolain. It is too bad, however, that these notes could not have been extended; many readers will want to know more about Oisin, Caoilte, Conall, Ronan Fin and others, than just how to pronounce their names. PHILIP HARTUNG.

The Bird below the Waves, by Benjamin Francis Musser. Manchester, N. H.: The Magnificat Press. $2.00.

A FINAL definitive volume of Benjamin Musser's work in poetry is not as happy as a selected collection would have been. Whereas Mr. Musser has written eloquently out of a deeply spiritual nature on many occasions, he has very much more often sacrificed quality to quantity. Hence in these 600 and more pages, the reader must search through many lines of aridity before happening on the wellsprings of a true art. J. B.

HISTORY

Educational Foundations of the Jesuits in Sixteenth Century New Spain, by Jerome V. Jacobsen, S.J. Berkeley: University of California Press. $3.00.

THE PRESENT volume from the pen of Father Jerome Jacobsen is announced as the first of a projected series of volumes the object of which is to set forth the history of the Jesuits in Western North America. Very appropriately the series opens with an examination of one of the most significant aspects of the cultural history of Mexico.

All too often the history of the religious orders in America is limited to the recounting of missionary expeditions and the establishment of reductions. Granting the enormous importance of this fundamental labor, there is no doubt that there is a dearth in English of first-class accounts of the intellectual influence of the religious communities on the New World. This is one of the most thrilling and glorious chapters of the work of Spain in the Western Hemisphere. The volume of Father Jacobsen, while summary and compact, gives a vivid picture of the accomplishments of the Society of Jesus in the enormous territory embraced in New Spain. It is impossible to close the volume without the sensation of heroic achievement, soul-stirring abnegation and Christian fortitude.

More than a résumé of the Jesuit educational institutions, the book is a formidable brief in favor of the contention that all was not dark, dreary and obscure in the Mexico under Spanish rule. The popular concept of Spanish rule as a system that withered and blighted is no longer held by serious students. Still, it is well that seasoned, well-documented volumes like the present come from the press to attest the fact that the great orders assumed the appalling task of converting, organizing, educating and humanizing the heterogeneous population of ancient Mexico.

It is to be hoped that future volumes of the series will reflect as stimulating a story as this little work by Father Jacobsen. RICHARD PATTEE.

35,000 Days in Texas, by Sam Acheson. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

ONE OF its veteran staff members here recounts 35,000 days in the career of the Dallas *Morning News*. The *News* is one of several excellent American papers published in the hinterlands that are superior in almost every way to most of the better-publicized metropolitan dailies. This account traces the traditions of the paper as far back as its matrix, the Galveston *News*, and presents a history of Texas at the same time. R. W.

The People and Politics of Latin America, by Mary W. Williams. Second edition. Boston: Ginn and Company. $4.60.

IN THE second edition of the standard textbook of Dr. Mary Williams more attention has been devoted to foreign relations and material has been added covering the past eight years in Latin America. The bibliography has been improved and the maps are more numerous. The work treats of the republic period largely under each individual country; a method which is open to some criticism. R. P.

MISCELLANEOUS

All About Ships and Shipping, by E. P. Harmack. New York: D. A. Appleton-Century Company. $3.00.

THIS extremely interesting little volume contains a truly enormous amount of information about ships of all types, not only of today, but also of yesterday. It touches on sail, steam and Diesel; on tramps, liners and men-of-war. Like most British publications of its kind, it is written in the language of the bridge and the quarterdeck by a man who obviously knows the sea and those who live by it. To yachtsmen in particular, to travelers by sea, and to all those interested in ships, this book should greatly appeal.

Ships of the North Atlantic, by A. G. H. White. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. $3.00.

THIS is a book of facts, pictures and diagrams accurately descriptive of most, if not all, merchantmen in the Atlantic trade. It contains in addition interesting histories of the principal steamship lines, as well as company house flags and funnel markings. There is considerable well-written text on the elements of naval construction, tonnage, dimensions, etc., simple navigation, the organization of a liner, and safety at sea. The book is non-technical and should be an attraction to those interested in the story of the trans-Atlantic trade in the last century up to the present time and in the history of the "Blue Riband."

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Men and Iron, by Edward Hungerford. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $3.75.

THIS history of the New York Central Railroad is rather pedestrian and does not reach far into the more complex social and economic results of the building and development of one of the greatest railway systems. However, the immediate impression made upon the newspapers and general public by the construction of the right-of-way and the inauguration of new trains and by the major financial operations is rather exhaustively recorded. The book has chiefly an antiquarian charm, and it is provocative and illuminating as good antiquarianism can often be. P. B.

RELIGION

The Eastern Branches of the Catholic Church: Six Studies on the Oriental Rites, by Francis J. McGarrigle, S.J., Mar Ivanios, Eugene Cardinal Tisserant, Joseph M. O'Hara, John LaFarge, S.J., and Ildefonse Dirks, O.S.B. With an Introduction by Donald Attwater. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $1.50.

UNDER the stress of the great schism in the West, which has been connected with disciplinary, liturgical and doctrinal reforms, Latin Catholics have become so suspicious of variations and so apt to confound unity with uniformity that we very often do harm to charity when we deal with our own brethren of the Eastern rites. The more a country has been accustomed to smell heresy in every divergence of rite, costume and discipline, the harder it is to convince the average Catholic that the Church is not the uniform, totalitarian and military institution which he imagines it to be. This state of mind of siege and martial law which has been natural for Catholics in the last centuries and perhaps even now, must be overcome and give way to the old, far-sighted, positive and charitable way which is possible to those whose foundation is Christ the Crucified and Risen and not human foresight and politics.

This small volume of five articles collected by the Liturgical Arts Society and having an introduction by Donald Attwater is a plea for this cause of broadening our minds. Its contributors include such outstanding men as Cardinal Tisserant (on the Ethiopian Church), Mar Ivanios (on his own Malabar Church), Dom Ildefonse Dirks and Father LaFarge. I think that these latter two have made the most important contributions, because they give us the background for the facts reported in the other articles and help us to understand why this all has come to pass. Especially Father LaFarge's fine essay on the differences in attitude of East and West toward religion will be a revelation to many of us. Is it not strange that at the same time, when the West begins to rediscover itself and to understand itself better through its own liturgical movement and revival, we come across the fact that the East has conserved this spirit to an enviable degree and that many of the haughty judgments passed by us on the Eastern Churches are nothing but the outcome of our lack of understanding of ourselves? Our religious life has become more and more a carbon copy of the western ethos of activism and the practical—though not avowedly theoretical—world immanentism, *Diesseitigkeit*. We have been all too long the Marthas and have restricted Mary's spirit to enclosed monks and nuns: our own Liturgy and those persecuted and heroic churches of the East are teaching us a lesson about an element of our own religious practise which seems to be

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badly lacking. The authors all stress the point that the Eastern Churches are by no means inferior or less Catholic in their discipline and liturgy. The more people read this little book the juster will we be to our Eastern brethren. Without understanding there can be no reunion. H. A. REINHOLD.

New Frontiers of Religion, by Arthur L. Swift, jr. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

RECOGNIZING, as one must, that social change is in the air and has wrought many changes also in religious thought, Professor Swift sets himself to discover "what is the relation between organized religion (especially Protestantism) and social change." He traces briefly the history of religion among mankind, the rise of Protestantism, the effects of the industrial revolution and of modern science upon organized religion. Then he proceeds to outline what he believes to be its future.

One need not agree with everything the author says to find this a valuable and stimulating book. In common with most of our modern Protestants he seems to accept the thesis that religion evolved naturally and to ignore or reject a Primitive Revelation, which explains many things otherwise inexplicable. He sees the waning influence of "the church" (always with a small "c" and used in the ordinary Protestant sense), and he makes an indictment of Protestantism far more severe than any Catholic would.

Protestantism's dwindling prestige he lays to its "divisiveness" and to the fact (as he alleges) that while the level of education among its laity is rising, that of its ministers has steadily declined "since 1640" until "according to the census of 1926, 41 percent of all white Protestant ministers were graduates of neither college nor seminary; 78 percent of Negro ministers were in the same category; and only 6.6 percent of Catholic priests were similarly classified." He finds that the modern minister "with no time for private devotions and a steadily diminishing taste for them, loses God in the hurry to serve Him."

Out of all this Professor Swift hopes that a church "no longer obsessed by the necessity of winning the world by worldly means, stanch in its central purpose to mediate between God and man, outspoken in its witness to the reality of God" will "seize and hold the new frontiers of religion" which he feels are still open.

His references to Catholicism are uniformly so laudatory and so kindly that one sometimes wonders just what keeps him out of its fold. FLOYD KEELER.

Honesty, by Richard C. Cabot. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

INTO a world filled with double-dealing, deceit and dissimulation, Dr. Cabot sends this plea for honesty. He discusses it in relation to government, social relations, religion and many other factors in human existence. Some of his sharpest barbs are reserved for deceit in his chosen profession of medicine. He presents a formidable list of things that lies do to the liar himself. Nor does he hesitate to use that "short and ugly word" when necessary. There are many passages that one would like to quote—but read it for yourself. It is written in a very readable style. There will likely be some things with which you won't agree, but there is no doubt but that the world would be a much better place if it acted on the principles here laid down. F. K.

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The Inner Forum

THIS summer thirty-seven priests were ordained in China. When twenty-three young men were ordained by Bishop August Haouisee, S.J., in the cathedral at Zi-ka-wei, it was the largest ordination in Shanghai for thirty years; three of them are secular priests and the others are Jesuits representing eight different nationalities. All twenty-three will be assigned to the Jesuit missions of Shanghai, Anking, Wuhu, Pengpu, Sienhsien, Taming and Batavia. The other fourteen new priests are from Tatungfu, Ningpo and Hangchow.

At Tsinanfu, Shantung, China, an entire community of thirteen Buddhist nurses have been baptized at Hungkialow, a famous Franciscan center. The children's home they conduct shelters about 100 children. Missionaries report that the ravages of the war are causing more and more Chinese babies and other children to be abandoned by their families or made orphans by the war. The extent of this problem is indicated in Bishop Yu Pin's estimate that 10,000,000 Chinese will be killed before peace is restored in the Far East. This month the Holy Father's mission intention is the increase of Catholic orphanages in mission lands.

The Fides Service reports that Father Conrad Burtschy, O.F.M., has started a new industry for hundreds of destitute persons in the crowded cities of Wuchang, Hankow and Hanyang. Beginning with Johnny Chang, who had lost both legs in an accident, and whom he taught the bootblack's trade, supplied with a box made by a local carpenter and transported to a busy corner, he later enlisted four other needy urchins and now the occupation has spread to other Wuhan cities. One of the most important elements in Father Burtschy's task was persuading his protégés and the general public that in Shanghai, Hong Kong and abroad bootblacking is considered an honorable profession.

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